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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 757
THE DAY OF IGNOMINY 760
THE LABOUR PARTY'S FUTURE 761
A WORKERS' ARMY 762
A LONDON DIARY 763
THIS ENGLAND 765
AN OPEN LETTER TO "A. P. H.," M.P. By Gerald Gould 765
HAVING SIGNED A PETITION. By Y. Y. 766
CORRESPONDENCE 767
From Middle-Class; John F. Hubbard; Countryman; H. G. Maule; R. E. Davidson; Invalid; Sir Frederick Macmillan; Hugo Yardley.
PORTRAIT-SKETCH. By Kapp 769
MAXIM MAXIMOVITCH LITVINOV 769
NOTES ON WORDS. By Logan Pearsall Smith . . 770
PLAYS AND PICTURES 771
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . . Page 773
REVIEWS:
Randall Cantuar. By Raymond Mortimer . . 774
Open Rebellion. By Cyril Connolly . . . 776
The Great Divide. By Leonard Woolf . . 778
Soothing the Savage Breast. By Edward Sackville West. 779
Nothing Much About Aldous. By Conal O'Riordan 780
Trollope Apocrypha. By Frances Bird . . 782
The Peoples of India. By T. C. Hodson . . 783
Autumn Verse—II. By G. W. Stonier . . 784
SHORTER NOTICES 786
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 788
CROSSWORD 790
THE WEEK IN THE CITY 792

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

A BRITISH general election should be about something definite—Home Rule, Tariffs, the House of Lords, the Socialisation of the Mines—what you will, as long as it is a debatable issue which a plain man can understand. But there is always a danger for the Conservatives in any such issue; the public does not necessarily vote for the *status quo*. Conservative tactics are therefore to turn an election into a vote of confidence—confidence in them to save the Constitution and the economic system, if their opponents have been in power; confidence, if they are themselves in the saddle, in the Conservative Party to carry out soberly and sedately a progressive policy which steals their opponents' thunder. Mr. Baldwin chose his moment well. He could point to improved unemployment figures and to a measure of trade and financial prosperity; he could safely promise a number of Liberal reforms which circumstances and a huge majority may or may not permit him to carry out. On a vote of confidence he had it all his own way: he is himself a man in whom the middle classes feel confidence, and the Labour Party have not regained the credit they lost in 1931. With their own leadership divided—Mr. Lansbury's resignation cost them many thousands of votes—and the Government promising reforms and standing as champions of the League, Labour was reduced to attacking the Government's past, which it could do with a good heart and plenty of ammunition, and asserting as to the future that while the Government only promised Labour would certainly perform. This was not good enough. The electorate has not yet understood that there is no permanent solution of the mining problem or indeed of the economic mess as a whole except a Socialist solution, and the Labour Party as it stands to-day does not in any case look a convincing instrument of Socialism.

The New Cabinet

What will Mr. Baldwin do with his majority? His immediate preoccupations at home will be with the mines, the unemployment assistance tangle and the depressed areas, which have sent to the House a number of Conservatives no less troubled about the conditions of their constituents than their Labour colleagues. Abroad he faces what Mr. MacDonald once called "ripening harvests"—the results of failing to stand by America and the League in face of the Japanese threat, of allowing Mussolini to invade Abyssinia and of encouraging Germany to rearm. About Japan's threat there is now nothing to do, though in the long run it is probably the most important issue in the world. About Mussolini the Government no doubt intends to continue a policy of

bothering him with mild sanctions while remaining open to all suggestions for a settlement. The real preoccupation is Germany, and we shall gain some indication of Mr. Baldwin's attitude when we know the composition of his Cabinet. Mr. Churchill's name has been widely canvassed for one of the fighting services. To-day he stands for a definite policy—a strong League to oppose any German aggression and large-scale rearmament to make the threat effective. It seems likely that Mr. Baldwin's inclination is for a less clear-cut policy, that the MacDonalds will retain seats in the Cabinet, that the changes will be slight, and that rearmament will proceed at a comparatively gentle pace.

Japan and China

There has been a hitch in the Japanese plan for biting off another chunk of China. The plan was General Doihara's, and was the usual mixture of insolence and humbug. A new puppet State was to be set up, comprising five provinces of Northern China. It would be called "autonomous" (the pretence would not deceive a babe in arms), and a face-saving formula would be forced on the Nanking Government. This was presented in the form of an ultimatum; the five provinces were to accept the new regime on Wednesday—or be invaded by Japanese armies. At the last moment General Doihara, it seems, was repudiated by his Government, which declares that it does not wish to use military force in China. This simply means that Japan thinks—no doubt rightly—that she can gain her ends in a different way; the "negotiations" which are now going on between Chiang Kai-shek and the Japanese Ambassador in Nanking, are an ominous sign. The Western Powers are in a weaker position now to oppose Japanese aggression than they were four years ago, when they played the coward in the Manchurian affair. But unless they—and in particular Great Britain, the U.S.A., and Russia—can present a united front, Japan will before long establish a complete (and exclusive) empire over China. And will she be content to stop at the Chinese frontiers?

The Fascist Threat in France

The situation in France has grown again more serious during the past week. In a riot at Limoges last week-end the Croix de Feu opened up with a fusillade of revolver shots. About twenty people were wounded, some fatally. Meanwhile in Paris the Solidarité Française which is a more violent right-wing body than the Croix de Feu, was parading the streets with impunity, and a violent clash between Right and Left forces was narrowly avoided. The tension is now greater than at any time since February of last year, with the disputes over the policy of sanctions aggravating the mutual hostilities of the rival blocs. M. Laval so far has refused to do anything to put down the Fascist Leagues, and his inaction encourages them to more and more violent demonstrations of force. The Left parties, rightly and deeply distrustful of M. Laval, still hesitate to turn him out on the issue of economic policy. If they came into office now in an acutely difficult financial situation they would be confronted with the merciless opposition of the Bank of France and with the open threat of civil war from the Fascist Leagues. They only desire office after the May elections, when they confidently expect a handsome majority. But the growing intransigence of the Fascists may force their hands and bring the crisis to a head before election time. The probability that the Left parties will do well in the elections may be for the Fascists a powerful reason for striking soon. M. Laval purports to be a constitutional statesman; but in this, as in other matters, he appears to be playing a highly equivocal game.

British Policy in Egypt

The worst of the rioting in Egypt is now over, and we hope it will not break out afresh. But there can be no guarantee of that, as we know from long experience, when the Nationalist blood is up and the British Government stands fast. The "firmness" of the British Government in the present issue (which is, of course, the old issue) is not a thing to boast of. That is not to say that the policy and tactics of the Wafd are right in every particular, that the 1923 Constitution, the restoration of which is demanded, is the admirable thing they pretend, or that Nahas Pasha is justified in denouncing Great Britain to the League as an "aggressor State." But two things are clear. One is that we have got, sooner or later, to concede Egypt her full sovereignty. And the other is that, though this may be the wrong moment for making a settlement, it is—or was a few months or weeks ago—emphatically the right moment for conciliating Egyptian opinion. Mussolini's African adventure is a threat equally to British and Egyptian interests, and we should be standing together against a common danger. There are now two alternatives—to ignore this new outbreak of nationalism, and sit on the safety valve, or to placate our adversaries by giving assurances that we mean to satisfy the legitimate aspirations of Egypt as soon as is reasonably possible.

The Cold Pogrom

It was good to hear Bishops of the Anglican Church speaking their minds about the "cold pogrom" in Germany. The most determined defender of the Nazi regime must now admit that the persecution of the Jews is no hot-headed outbreak on the part of young Nazis, but a deliberate and horrible attempt to destroy an entire people. The Nüremberg decrees were justified as an effort to stop isolated acts of violence. Their effect has been to encourage these acts, and it is a sufficient indication of the Nazi mentality that, as the *Manchester Guardian* reports, special stands have been set up in railway stations, post-offices and other public places all over the country so that the obscene pages of Streicher's *Der Stürmer* may be read free of charge as a perpetual incitement to persecution and terrorism. The Jews, unable to engage in ordinary trade, debarred from ordinary employment, are also denied the benefits of the National "winter help" scheme. They must have their own "winter help" and live or die as best they can in a new ghetto as savage as that set up in the last century in Tsarist Russia. The result must be to turn a loyal population into a potentially revolutionary one. In Russia the Jews were the first allies of the Bolsheviks.

Canadian-American Trade

It is not yet possible to estimate the full effects of the American-Canadian trade agreement which was signed last week-end. On the face of the matter it looks as if Canada has conceded more than the United States; for

the admission of American goods at intermediate tariff rates is likely to be of considerable help to American in competition with British as well as foreign manufacturers. On the other hand the American concessions to the Canadian exporters are limited to definite quantities of the goods now to be admitted on more favourable terms, and these quantities are for the most part not very large in relation to the total consuming power of the American market. This is not surprising; President Roosevelt, with an election in prospect, has to be a good deal more careful than Mr. Mackenzie King, who has five years of office before him, about stirring up the vested interests which shelter behind every tariff wall. This fear of vested interests has undoubtedly limited the scope of the American concessions, and prevented the much more ambitious agreement which the negotiators on both sides would probably have liked. But at any rate a beginning has been made, and the President has at last made use of the powers conferred upon him by Congress to make a move towards a more liberal commercial policy. In a world so tariff-ridden as the world of 1935 that is a good deal; and both Mr. King and Mr. Roosevelt, as well as the rest of us, have cause to be reasonably well satisfied. Even British manufacturers who may expect some intensification of American competition in Canada, now that the British preference is to be narrowed, will probably for the most part think the risk worth while, for the sake of the impetus given by the agreement to more liberal trade policies in the world as a whole.

The Miners' Ballot

By an overwhelming majority the miners have authorised the Executive to take strike action in order to enforce the miners' claim. The Executive is to explain the miners' position to Mr. Baldwin, and there is as yet no indication of what the Government has in mind to do. So far, it has secured from the owners a promise to set up some sort of coal-selling agency in every district before the middle of next year, and has pledged itself to proceed, at an uncertain date, with some sort of plan for the unified ownership of royalties. But neither of these promises offers the miners anything at all in the form of a wage-increase, or even a prospect of one at an early date. Nor has anything been done to meet the miners' claims for recognition of the Mineworkers' Federation as a national negotiating body, in face of the owners' continued insistence on separate negotiations. As *P.E.P.* has pointed out in a useful broadsheet dealing with the coal mines, the separate wage-agreements in each coalfield facilitate inter-district competition, which is generally condemned. It is not suggested that wages should be the same in all coalfields, but only that they should be governed in accordance with some co-ordinating principle. The easiest way of achieving this would be to strengthen the composition and powers of the central tribunal set up in 1930, which is still boycotted by the owners, and to amend the Coal Mines Minimum Wage Act of 1912 so as to make it an effective wage-fixing measure under central co-ordination. The miners are quite unlikely to press by strike action for their entire claims. Some immediate wage-concession, accompanied by the establishment of machinery of this sort, would again avail to preserve the peace—for the time. But when will a British Government make up its mind to nationalise the mines?

Whom the Gods Love . . .

A stock reply to people who urge the need of an active policy for the depressed areas is that there can be no serious malnutrition there because the death-rate is not appreciably higher in South Wales and Durham than in the rest of the country. A statistical analysis of the official figures shows, however, quite a different picture. It is true that if we take as depressed areas South Wales, Northumberland, Durham, Lancashire and Cheshire, the crude death-rate is only 12.3 per 1,000, as against 11.6 for the rest of the country. But crude death statistics are misleading. Bournemouth, for instance, has an abnormally high death-rate, although it is a particularly healthy place, because it is a resort of the old and invalid. In other words, we must consider the age and sex composition of the areas in question—which, fortunately, the Registrar-General's figures enable us to do. We must consider the standardised or corrected death-rate, that is, the death-rate grouped by age and sex. In the tables below the death-rate for each age group of each sex in the rest of the country are compared to those of the identical age and sex groups in the depressed areas. For example, out of 1,391,400 men between the ages of fifty-five and sixty-four in the rest of the country, 2.25 per cent died in 1934. This gives us a "standard" death-rate which can be applied to the 472,000 men of the same age in the depressed areas, which would mean 10,611 "standard" deaths. If we apply this procedure to all age groups we find that the "standard" deaths for the depressed areas would have been 105,181. But there were, in fact, 126,508 actual deaths; in other words the death-rate in depressed areas was 20 per cent. higher than in the rest of the country. 21,000 died before their time because they were poor.

* * *

By the same method of standardisation we can discover at which age groups the bulk of these surplus deaths occurred.

MALE DEATHS IN DEPRESSED AREAS

Age Group.	Standard Deaths.	Actual Deaths.	Per cent. Surplus.
0–14	8,513	11,090	30
15–44	8,009	9,278	16
45–65	16,802	19,519	16
65 and over	21,935	25,416	16
Total	55,259	65,303	18

FEMALE DEATHS IN DEPRESSED AREAS

Age Group.	Standard Deaths.	Actual Deaths.	Per cent. Surplus.
0–14	6,985	9,107	30
15–44	7,347	9,110	24
45–65	12,817	15,546	21
65 and over	22,773	27,442	21
Total	49,922	61,205	23

Two main conclusions emerge from these tables. First, the difference in death-rate between the depressed areas and the rest of the country are greatest in the case of children. Secondly, among the adult population of the depressed areas, women are being sacrificed more generously than men. It is also worth noticing in view of the bitterness shown during the election in the North-Eastern area, that Northumberland and Durham show the largest relative excess of actual over "standard" deaths.

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THE DAY OF IGNOMINY

SANCTIONS of the League have at last come into force against the aggressor. November 18th, the "Day of Ignominy" as the Italians have called it, was marked by demonstrations of protest and defiance in Rome—flag-wagging, denunciations of the villainous English, and rioting by patriotic students. "Counter-measures" are in full swing; the populace is exhorted to "buy Italian" and to economise on its meals, while the frontier stations are clogged with goods of one sort and another held up by the customs. It looks impressive. Italy cannot get arms (if she wanted them, which she does not) from any of the fifty League States, or from America, which is not in the League. She cannot get money or credit. She cannot import certain specified commodities. She has the bulk of her export trade cut off. The League of Nations, in short, under the leadership of Great Britain, has asserted itself in defence of the Covenant, and the net is closing round the aggressor.

But this is only one side of the picture. The League States have in fact acted, and are still acting, half-heartedly. They have wasted valuable time, and even now have not the courage or the sense to carry out to the full the measures that the Covenant demands. It is nearly two months since Mussolini invaded Abyssinia, and many more months since he gave plain notice that he meant to have this war. The Italian advance, if it has not been so rapid as the optimists in Rome predicted at the start, has been considerable, and it has taken a heavy toll of life. On Tuesday night we had reports of a victorious raid by Italian bombing planes on a camp near Makalle; the victory consisted in the slaughter of a thousand, or according to another estimate six thousand, wretchedly armed Abyssinians. There will doubtless be many more similar massacres (and there may even be heavy casualties on the Italian side as well) as time goes on, for the sanctions which are in force, in fact or on paper, will obviously not bring the fighting to a swift end. These financial and economic sanctions fall short of what is enjoined by the Covenant; they were reluctantly decided on and are being applied after an inexcusably long delay; there are even now large loopholes in the net. The British Government may justly claim credit for the efforts which they have made at Geneva to screw the French and other laggards up to the pitch, and for the lead they have taken in Europe. But they are not entitled to rest on their oars, and to pretend that they can do no more. They can and ought to press for the tightening up of the economic pressure on Italy, even if in present circumstances so-called military sanctions are ruled out. Great Britain is in a position, as no one else is, to insist on more rigorous measures. M. Laval and his Italophile friends may be troublesome, but they have been forced to give way already, and they will be forced to give way still further, if we are firm. France dare not choose Italy in preference to Britain; every Frenchman and everybody else knows that. And the rest of the League States, or the vast majority of them, want nothing better than a strenuous British leadership.

That leadership shows signs of flagging. There is grave suspicion, both at home and abroad, of the resolution of Sir Samuel Hoare and his colleagues. The National Government are supposed to be "trying out sanctions." Are they in fact doing that? Or are they playing with sanctions? They are evidently not carrying out all the measures prescribed against an aggressor by Article XVI of the Covenant. Art. XVI is very plain about the obligations of all Members of the League in the case of a State resorting to war in disregard of its covenants. They

> undertake immediately to subject it to the severance of all trade or financial relations, the prohibition of all intercourse between their nationals and the nationals of the covenant-breaking State, and the prevention of all financial, commercial or personal intercourse between the nationals of the covenant-breaking State and the nationals of any other State, whether a member of the League or not.

But are we even aiming at getting the fullest possible effect from the limited measures that have been adopted? Italy needs oil for the pursuit of her nefarious adventure. She has drawn her supplies, in the main, from America, from Russia and Rumania, and to a smaller extent from the Middle East. It is to be hoped that the Canadian proposal for including oil among the banned "key products" will be agreed upon at Geneva, and that Great Britain, Russia and Rumania will at once cut off the supply to Italy. It now seems probable that if they do so, the United States will agree at least to definite limitations of its oil supplies to Italy. It is in any case scandalous that the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, in which the British Government itself is the chief shareholder, should be continuing to provide Mussolini with one of the prime necessities of his war. And why, to take another point, should British ships (or the ships of other League States) carry any goods for Italian destinations, and why should Italian ships come into British ports or the ports of other League States? The prohibition of such traffic is surely a proper and obvious form of preventing commercial intercourse in order to ensure the effectiveness of economic sanctions.

Nor is it merely the restricted character of the sanctions which gives ground for anxiety. There are widespread fears centring round the blessed word "negotiations." Who is negotiating—or trying to negotiate—with Mussolini, and on what basis? The door must be left open, we are told. Certainly; but let us remember who the parties are on the one side of the door and the other. They are a bandit and the police—or, put more precisely, a covenant-breaking State, which has invaded another State and occupied a large part of its territory, and a League of Nations representing international justice. There have already been endless discussions between Mussolini and the League, and terms were offered him, at Paris and at Geneva, on condition that he abstained from war. Those terms were far more favourable than he was entitled to; but he rejected them and launched his war. He cannot in common decency be offered better terms now by the League. Can he be offered as good terms—or, if he were, could Abyssinia be persuaded to agree to them? We frankly do not know what statesmen on the League side mean when they talk of Italy's "legitimate claims," or how, in the present state of affairs, they expect to arrive at a settlement which will be "honourable and acceptable" alike to Abyssinia, to Italy and to the League. The words are meaningless. But one thing at least seems perfectly clear: there can be no honest discussion of a settlement which does not require, as its first condition, the withdrawal of the Italian armies. To allow Mussolini to remain dug in in what he has occupied by

violence would not only be a gross injustice to Abyssinia; it would utterly stultify the League.

That M. Laval has any scruples about a "dirty deal" we do not for one moment suppose. He has done his best, and will presumably go on doing it so far as he is allowed to, for his friend the Duce. The British Government are another matter. They have shown weakness in the past—they are even now none too bold—and a remarkable tenderness to Mussolini's feelings, a tenderness of which he has taken all possible advantage. It is quite probable that, while they do not want to see Italy triumphant, neither do they want to see Abyssinia triumphant and the Duce brought down. But they cannot fairly be accused, so far at any rate, of plotting to betray the League; and we hope that they will resist any temptation to do so, whether the tempters are at home or abroad. More definite assurances, however, are needed to dispel the suspicions that inevitably hang round a policy which is neither fully carrying out the Covenant nor repudiating it and which seems likely to make the worst of both worlds. Those assurances could easily be given by the Foreign Secretary, directly Parliament meets, if not before. Let him say explicitly that Great Britain will be no party to any bargain with Mussolini which leaves Italian troops in occupation of Abyssinian territory or which envisages any annexation of Abyssinian territory. Such a statement, of course, important as we believe it to be in allaying fears of a dishonourable settlement, will not of itself ensure an honourable peace. That can be ensured only by defeating and not by buying off Mussolini. And if he is to be defeated by sanctions, the sanctions must, as we have said, be stiffened up without delay. If the pressure is ineffective and the war drags on and the League loses heart, there will be another "Day of Ignominy," the prelude to far worse things than November 18th.

LABOUR PARTY'S FUTURE

THIS is a time for facing hard facts. At the close of the General Election of 1935 a Labour majority in Parliament looks farther off than at any time since 1918. The Labour landslide of 1931 could be plausibly explained away: the disappointing recovery of 1935 imperatively demands straight thinking. Labour, to be sure, has gained about a hundred seats; but it is no stronger now than after the "Red Letter" election of 1924, and not much more than half as strong as it was in 1929. The Liberals, who helped in 1923 and 1929 to provide a "progressive" majority, have been almost wiped out as an independent force. A new "minority" Labour Government, even if anyone wanted it, seems nearly as improbable as a Labour Government with a clear majority behind it.

Labour holds the coalfields, the East End of London, the Potteries, and a minority of the seats in some of the great industrial towns. But the Tories, and their "National" allies who are Tories in all but name, hold nearly all the agricultural seats, the business and better-class residential areas, solid Birmingham and the Black Country, most of the new housing areas round London and the other big cities, and, wonder of wonders, most of textile Lancashire. Moreover, it is a significant fact that on the whole the Labour Party holds the smaller and the Conservative Party the more populous constituencies. The areas in which Labour is strongest are being depopulated by industrial transference and slum-clearance, and the growing areas to which the people are moving mostly return Conservative Members. Redistribution of seats, if it comes, seems likely on balance to weaken Labour's hold.

It is of no use to burke these facts; they must be faced unless we are to acquiesce in an indefinite continuance of Tory rule. The industrial proletariat cannot possibly win by itself an electoral majority, and it is actually becoming with every year a smaller fraction of the electorate. If there is to be ever again a parliamentary Government of the Left in Great Britain, the industrial proletariat and the growing mass of "blackcoats" next above it in social status and income must be ranged predominantly on the same side.

It is obvious that they are not so ranged to-day. The great majority of the "black-coated" dwellers in the old residential quarters and in the huge new suburbs built by private enterprise have voted "National" in 1935, as they did in 1931. The "National" Government has lost the manual workers who were scared into voting for it four years ago; but it has held the great majority of the intermediate classes who "went Labour" in 1929. Far more of the Liberal vote has gone "National" than Labour. The "non-political" voters have voted "National" by a very large majority; and far more of them than were generally expected have gone to the poll.

Why does this situation exist? Why does the majority of the electorate prefer company directors to Trade Union officials, and aristocrats to "nobodies," as its representatives in Parliament? The answer is that it does not, to any significant extent. It has voted not for the company directors and the aristocrats, but for Mr. Baldwin and against Socialism, as it understands Socialism through the medium of the press, the wireless, and a great mass of effective Conservative propaganda. It has voted for Mr. Baldwin because he looks "safe"; it has voted against Socialism because Socialism and the Socialist leadership do not. It has voted for "safety first"—for keeping to the ills it has rather than embarking on dangerous looking adventures in the search for remedies.

If the Left wants a parliamentary majority in the near future it must frankly accept the implications of this attitude on the part of the electorate. In Great Britain the era of post-war excitement is over. British capitalism has not collapsed, and no longer appears to be threatened with collapse. Socialism has receded, and most people have settled down again to making the best of things as they are. It is not a very good best, or likely to be; for the new stability of British capitalism is establishing itself at a low level, with two millions still out of work and the problem of the depressed areas still quite unsolved. But there are more people in relatively secure jobs than out of them; business profits have made a substantial recovery; serious suffering is mainly isolated in a few areas, and can therefore be discounted as an electoral force. Of course, a new European war could speedily shatter our stability, break up our economic system, and lead us to—what? To Socialism, perhaps; but quite as probably to Fascism in some peculiar anglicised form. But the threat of war, real as it is, does not mean that war is certain or greatly influences present electoral prospects. The General Election would not have gone differently to any appreciable extent if there had been no international issues at all before the voters. What there were appeared much too confusingly to determine the vote.

The plain fact is that the floating vote, which settles how the country is to be governed, is scared of Labour. It mistrusts the Labour Party's competence, and it also suspects it of confiscatory designs upon the "small man." These are the legacies of 1931, which the programme-making of the past four years has by no means wiped away. Moreover, since 1931 Labour has become the victim of yet another scare. Some of its leaders are suspected of favouring "dictatorship"; and the Nazi triumph in Germany has frightened people back to their old allegiance to the parliamentary system. Of course, the Labour Party hates dictatorship much more fervently than the Tories do; and the last thing it contemplates is any sort of attack upon the property of the small saver. But these facts do not save it from being represented as the "dangerous" party; and there is no one who can answer for it, so as to be believed, with the soothing reassurance that is Mr. Baldwin's unfailing electoral trump card.

The Labour Party, in fact, lacks an effective leader more than anything else; and until it finds one, and is prepared to trust him to speak to the people in its name, it will fail even to win back the ground that has been lost. The choice of the right leader is even more important than the reconsideration of policy; for the electors who are outside the party fold can be made to appreciate a policy only when it comes to them as the authentic voice of an individual who possesses the quality of personifying a creed.

What, then, is the appropriate policy for the Labour Party if it is set on overcoming the obstacles in the way of its electoral victory? A great many people will assuredly seek to persuade it that the right course is to renounce the hope of Socialism, and concentrate the forces of the Left round an agreed programme of meliorative social reform. We believe this conclusion to be hopelessly wrong. A programme of social reform without Socialism would rally a dwindling body of Liberals only at the cost of antagonising a far larger body of working-class support. It would drain away many of the most active local Labour workers to Communism or the I.L.P., and cause many more simply to sulk in their tents. It would not rally the floating "non-political" vote; and even if the chance came of trying to put it into effect, it would be at the mercy of trade fluctuations and the ebb of capitalist "confidence" which any considerable increase in taxation would speedily provoke. This, however, is the way the Labour Party is likely to go unless an alternative policy can be clearly defined.

The alternative policy, as we see it, must combine two qualities—constructiveness and reassurance. In addition to offering social reform which will immediately benefit those most in need, it must be constructively Socialist, but over an explicitly limited field; and it must be based on saying plainly and unequivocally what will *not* be done, as well as what will. It must be aimed at driving a wedge between the great monopolists and the mass of small property-owners; and it must give the latter an unambiguous promise that nothing will be done or attempted against them. It must set out to socialise, for without considerable socialisation there is no prospect of improving the condition of the people. But it must socialise within a defined and limited sphere—mines, railways, electricity, banking, and perhaps a very few more basic industries and services now under large-scale capitalist control. It must, on the other hand, definitely not socialise, but improve the position of, the farmers, the small traders, the proprietors of small and middle-sized businesses in the great majority of industries, by pursuing a policy of cheap credit and economic expansion, and, where necessary, by reorganising the methods of marketing. It must guarantee proper compensation for all socialised property, complete security of deposits in banks, building societies and any other institutions in which the "small man" is accustomed to deposit his savings. It must make it clear that it proposes to lessen inequalities of wealth, not by sectional confiscation, but only by taxation levied equitably upon all forms of excessive riches.

This, it may be urged, is not really very different from the Labour Party's existing policy. In a sense, that is true. But there is nevertheless a vital difference. In the first place, it is plain that the Labour Party has not succeeded in getting the electorate to understand what its practical policy is, as distinct from its ultimate aims; and, secondly, it has never explicitly delimited its objectives, so as to declare unequivocally what it does not intend to do, as well as what it does intend, if it gets into power. Indeed, it has done the opposite, by adopting programmes obviously including far more than could possibly be translated into actualities by even the most energetic Socialist Government, except over a long period of office. This inclusiveness of the party programme has, moreover, been fostered by the active Socialists in the party; for they have always tried to get as much Socialism into it as the party as a whole could be induced to swallow. This policy I now believe to have been a mistake; for the refusal to delimit the party's objectives in plain terms has made it possible for the Tories to quote against Labour isolated passages from the writings of unofficial Socialists (such as myself), as if they were official Labour Party pronouncements. I, as a Socialist, advocate all sorts of things which I see little hope of translating into political practice for a long time to come—things which I neither wish nor expect the Labour Party to embody in its parliamentary policy. So does every other Socialist, and there is no way of avoiding this. But such freedom of expression would be wholly good, and would have no inconvenient consequences, if only the official Labour programme were as explicit in its limits as in its positive proposals, and were confined strictly to what a Labour Government would actually set out to do.

This, then, is the situation. Communism, as a political policy for Great Britain, can be ruled out altogether for the present. So can Socialism, if Socialism means a sudden and complete change of economic system. There remain only two alternatives for those who are not prepared to acquiesce in an indefinite continuance of things as they are. These two alternatives are, first, social reform without Socialism, and, secondly, limited Socialism with social reform. The latter seems to me to offer the only real hope of rallying an electoral majority, and thereafter giving that majority concrete results which will justify a renewal of its mandate; and I should like to see the leaders of the Labour Party settling down promptly to reframe their electoral policy along these lines. If they will, I believe that, with a new depression perhaps not very far off, they stand a good chance of winning the allegiance of enough of the "blackcoats" and the "small men" to turn the scale in far more constituencies than were won for Labour in 1929. They will get, for such a policy, all the Liberals who can be got at all for any progressive policy; and they will bring to their side most of the young voters who are at present often antagonised by the existing confusion of voices on the Labour side. As for the whole-hogging Socialists, such as I am, I believe most of them, without abandoning any of their Socialism, would readily fall in behind a limited Socialist policy, provided only that it were embodied in a definite plan of action to be realised within a limited time, and proclaimed under the auspices of a leader chosen by the voice of the party, and given adequate authority to act as its spokesman to the people.

G. D. H. COLE

A WORKERS' ARMY

[FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN AUSTRIA.]

AN accidental encounter recently enabled me to witness perhaps the most surprising spectacle ever seen under a semi-fascist dictatorship such as rules Austria to-day—a military parade of a skeleton battalion of an anti-fascist revolutionary army, the presentation of regimental colours to its commander and the administration of the oath to the troops.

Returning from a walk in a lonely part of the woods I noticed two pretty girls standing at an intersection of pathways. They stopped me and asked me the way to a place of which I had never heard, and when I told them so seemed anxious to detain me in conversation. Ten paces further I was stopped by two young men in pullovers and grey flannel trousers who asked for a cigarette and light. As I walked on through the woods I saw several parties of youths and girls standing about in pairs. They all eyed me intently, and twice further efforts were made to accost and detain me in conversation. As I topped a slight rise, I halted in astonishment. A military command rang out—

"Fall in by skeleton companies." In a hollow just below me some two hundred men in civilian dress were lining up with perfect military smartness with their backs to me. As I caught sight of them, two men emerged from the trees and said:

"Stay where you are. This is a private affair. What do you want here?" I explained that I was taking a tramp, and when I produced my British passport which I happened to have with me, they were mollified and said: "All right. Stay where you are, but you must not see the troops from the front."

Meantime an efficient-looking commander dressed the ranks with precision, and called a roll by Christian names only. He reported to an older man: "All present and correct except 'X' company, who have sent a runner to say that their members encountered a Heimwehr patrol two miles off while making their way by fours and fives to the rendezvous, and therefore will not attend, lest they attract suspicion." Most of the men were between 20 and 25 years of age, although I saw a few who, from the back, appeared nearer 40; they were unarmed. On the ground lay a long roll of red cloth which six women were busily attaching with tapes to a long stake cut from the woods.

After the parade had been called to attention the older man began to address them as follows:

"Men of the Kirov battalion of the Austrian Republican Defence Corps. Before I begin this brief ceremony, I would remind you that it has necessarily to be brief, and that at its conclusion you are to scatter instantly, and get away by different paths, not more than five going in the same direction.

"You parade to-day to receive your regimental colours, presented to you by the women of your district. It is not embroidered in gold lace, but secretly stitched together by the hands of working women, with your battalion's name roughly stitched on it. After presentation it will be carried away by your commander secretly, and for the time being you will only see it on such secret parades as this. But the day will come when it shall be carried proudly at your head as we march down the Vienna Ringstrasse as the liberators of Austria from Fascist and clerical tyranny and from the shameful dependence on Italian imperialism and capitalism. You are a new cadre battalion—I have watched you drill to-day and you are good. You keep proletarian discipline and show military keenness. But you are not yet good enough.

"The name of Kirov Battalion, the name of a worker's leader murdered in Leningrad last year, is given you as a return compliment to that paid us by Soviet Russia in calling a battalion of the Red Army the 'Wallisch Battalion,' in memory of your leader the Mayor of Bruck, Koloman Wallisch, who was hanged by our Fascist tyrants in 1934. You will none of you listen to those who say 'what is the use of struggling against the might of Fascism?' You know the use! You know that we have arms, that in Vienna we have fully trained proletarian soldiers, that we enjoy the sympathies and shall one day have the support of the liberal and democratic countries, and of the workers of every country in the world. Our faith, our movement, does not stop at frontiers like German National Socialism or Italian Fascism. It is world wide."

At this moment a great red banner was raised on its improvised pole and unfurled. It bore the title in huge white letters "Battalion Kirov."

I noticed a photographer adjusting his camera on a tripod and for a moment imagined that these men had a spy in their midst, until I saw that he was photographing the cadre battalion from *behind*, and that the camera was so adjusted as not to include the faces of the commander and other officers who were facing the battalion.

"I shall read aloud the words of the oath of loyalty," the speaker went on. "After they are read, I urge that anyone who doubts his ability to keep faith until death, even under torture, shall step out of the ranks, give me his assurance of silence, and shake me by the hand. He can go from us, still respected for having gone part of the way. Those who remain will shout 'I swear' after the commander has done so."

Before this ceremony, the commander read out the wording of a leaflet which he said the Republican Defence Corps had distributed to the number of thirty thousand "with the loss of only one man, a comrade arrested for distributing it." The leaflet asked why, when the League is branding Italy as an unprovoked aggressor, Austria should be prevented by its dictators from taking its place, as it wishes, in the ranks of the civilised nations who are boycotting Italy? Is Austria to be made the transit country for German war supplies to Italy?

"Clerks, peasants and railwaymen! Workers of Austria! Prevent the transport of war material and foodstuffs to Italy! Fight for the legalisation of our movement again! Unite against the war-makers, Mussolini and Hitler!" When they saw me making notes of the speech my guards smilingly handed me a copy of the leaflet, saying "There is no secret about that."

After the speaker had declared that: "We thank especially the twelve men, delegates from the serving regular army, and the eight delegates from the ranks of our enemy the Heimwehr, who at great personal risk are present in our ranks to-day," the great banner was lowered to the salute while the oath was read out.

"I swear by my duty to my fellow workers to keep proletarian discipline, implicitly to obey my freely elected leaders and commanders unto death, to fight everywhere and at every time the power of Fascism and tyranny until the liberation of the workers of Austria has been achieved."

Throwing back his head, the young commander shouted "I swear" ("*ich gelobe*") and a moment later a stentorian shout went up from those on parade, without one dissentient, "I swear." The flag was handed over to the commander and with right hands raised to the shoulder and clenched fists, they intoned the "International." Next moment the parade was dismissed, and my guards, saying "Stay where you are for three minutes, then go back the way you came and do not attempt to follow any of us," mingled with the throng in the centre, which melted as if by magic. The last to leave were six girls. Women apparently did most of the outpost duty for the parade as being less likely to awaken suspicion.

In less than two minutes I was surrounded by the autumn silence of the woods. I rubbed my eyes as though I had awakened from a dream. It was not that, however, but a parade of one of the cadres of the Republican Defence Corps, which led the defence of the workers tenements with machine guns and modern rifles last year against the forces of the Fascist Government in the February revolt. The whole tone of the speeches also revealed that the effect of the Fascist dictatorship has been to turn the Republican Defence Corps, formerly a very right-wing Social Democrat Party guard, into a "common front" force in which, as in the underground Trade Unions in Austria (which claim a membership of 30,000 paying members in Vienna alone), Communists and Socialists share equally in the direction of policy.

A LONDON DIARY

THE pundits are naturally pointing out that Labour has not done so badly as appears at first sight. A 5 per cent. transference in the vote from Conservative to Labour would have meant another fifty Labour seats and a reduction of the Government's majority by one hundred. Labour's total poll, if unopposed constituencies are allowed for, is practically equal to the peak vote of 1929 and, whereas a very large number of Labour's seats in that election were won on a split vote, Labour has only profited on this occasion in fourteen three-cornered constituencies. Then there is the striking fact that whereas a Labour Member represents nearly 58,000 votes, each Tory gets in with just half that number. The Conservatives won 361 seats with less than 10½ million votes and Labour only 141 with nearly 8½ million. It should be added too that plural voting is still a notable handicap to Labour. But I hope that no-one will write and say that we ought to have P.R. It is far better for everybody that the Government in power should have a working majority and should not be forced, as democratic Governments have been on the Continent, to strike bargains with all sorts of small groups. The other day I asked a well-known German politician of the pre-Nazi days why it was that English democracy seemed, as a system, so much more stable than the German had ever been. He answered that the chief reason was the apparently equitable but really ruinous system of arithmetical proportional representation

which was one of the most boasted features of the Weimar Constitution.

* * *

The Labour front bench is of course immensely strengthened, but I wish they had won those other fifty seats, not so much because 200 members in Opposition are necessarily much more powerful than 150, but because the extra 50 would have included a number of particularly valuable Members. It is tragic that at this time Philip Noel Baker, with his expert knowledge of the League, should not be in the House, and that Dr. Addison and Susan Lawrence should also be out. Unfortunately too John Wilmot was turned out at Fulham by what was probably the most concentrated piece of Conservative organisation seen for many years in this country. I gather that the Astors were able to muster more than 300 cars from all over the south of England—which is an immense number in the General Election when all cars are in demand. It is said that practically everyone with a telephone in the constituency was rung up and offered a lift to the poll. Apart from such conspicuous casualties, there were a number of able young Labour candidates who badly need training and experience in Parliament if Labour is ever to form an efficient Government. John Parker of the New Fabian Research Bureau was about the only one of these young men to succeed, though Brinton at Grimsby reduced a 17,000 majority to 1,700. The Liberal Party is almost extinct, and one does not know where Sir Herbert Samuel, who is one of the two or three best Parliamentarians alive, will find another seat. Malcolm MacDonald, one presumes, will return to the House before very long. It seems odd to me that his father should wish to. Everybody would understand and nobody doubt his pluck if he retired from active politics. He has a great past; he has built up a Party and destroyed it; he has had the distinction of founding the institution of National Government in this country, and he has been Prime Minister three times. He has other interests outside politics and now talks better sense about architecture than about economics. It is surely about time that he settled down to write his Memoirs. The Universities of Oxford, Cambridge and London all had good Labour candidates and turned them down flat—Elvin's election address at Cambridge was one of the most sensible produced in the entire campaign. Everyone is pleased that Oxford has shown enough originality to elect A. P. Herbert, but it is a thousand pities that it did not elect Professor Stocks as his colleague. Harold Nicolson's return as a National Labour candidate is amusing and pleasant. He has knowledge, experience, wit and ability; but I have never thought of him as a politician. Why he should be National Labour I cannot imagine. It would be easy to see him as a democratic Conservative. He is Liberal in many ways, and I have heard him called a bit of a Bolshevik. But National Labour is merely a polite name for a Socialist turncoat. Why Mr. Nicolson should choose to put on a coat turned by someone else I cannot imagine.

* * *

Who is to be the new leader? The possibles are Attlee, Morrison, Greenwood and Clynes. Attlee, who bravely carried on when Lansbury resigned, has not the spectacular gifts required for national leadership. He is very capable and has a good mind and everyone likes him. He is a natural Adjutant, but not a General. Greenwood has always been the reference library of the Party, and is still the best man it has for drafting Bills and Resolutions, and is the recognised Labour expert in matters of housing and public health. But he does not carry enough weight in the House and would not, in my view, make a good leader. As for Clynes, everybody has a respect and affection for him, and he was leader for a period before MacDonald was elected. It is amusing to speculate what a difference it would have made to the history of the Labour Party and to the country if in 1932 the Clydesiders (as Kirkwood's biography again reminds us) had not turned the scale against Clynes and put MacDonald in under the misapprehension that he was a trustworthy Left Winger! But to-day I think Clynes himself would agree that if the Labour Party is to be effective in the future, a younger man with more force and drive is needed for leadership. The Labour Party needs "a new model" in the House, a much stiffer fighting organisation on its toes the whole time, with clear objectives before it. I have not any doubt myself that Herbert Morrison is the best leader available. What has struck me most about Morrison has been the increase of his powers in recent years. That he has first-class administrative ability no one doubts. Civil servants who worked in close touch with the 1929 Labour Government agree that as a departmental chief Morrison was an outstanding success. Indeed, I have heard it said that no Cabinet Minister has inspired a Department with so much zest and efficiency since Winston Churchill was at the Home Office before the war. At recent Labour Conferences he has shown quite new capacities for leadership and great quickness in grasping a situation, mastering new material and formulating policy. Both at Southport and at Brighton his speeches were the outstanding events, and the remarkable thing about his Brighton speech was that it dealt with foreign affairs—a subject in which he has never specialised. I remember telling him after his Southport effort that he would soon be as dangerous a spellbinder as Lloyd George. But the Labour Party badly needs a spellbinder, and now that Lansbury has gone Morrison is the nearest thing to a prima donna that the Labour Party possesses.

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I have talked to a number of unsuccessful Labour candidates and find that they all agree that the power of money still plays an immense part in elections. There are plenty of ways in which the Corrupt Practices Act can be evaded and no legislation can prevent money influencing votes. In some constituencies employers have addressed their workmen and told them that though "their votes are their own to do as they like with," they will certainly be turned out of work if a Labour Government comes in because it would repeal tariffs or cause a crisis and upset business. In some areas employers allowed candidates of all parties to canvass workers in their factories; in others only the Conservative candidates were allowed to enter and the Labour man had to be content with holding meetings at the factory entrance. I know of one town in the south of England where the Labour candidate could not get a single committee room, while in a South London constituency the Conservatives informed shopkeepers that if they had any request to let a room to the Labour Party, they only had to inform the Conservative Party to receive a better offer. In this case a Conservative shopkeeper was fair-minded enough to inform the Labour candidate that he thought this a discreditable manoeuvre by his own party and to offer his own premises to Labour. In the same area a large business firm that was known to support the Conservative cause suddenly started presenting valuable samples at every working-class house, while a local manufacturer, who sent a letter to the Labour candidate wishing him well, was so badgered by Conservative clients when it was published that he had to write a second letter to explain away the first.

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I was interested to hear in another London area of a great landlord who sent round to ask whom his tenants were voting for, and it is clear that in some districts the more ignorant type of electors are not even yet sure that the ballot is secret. The most pathetic story I heard was from a woman candidate who had been surrounded by willing helpers in her committee room and was astonished on polling day when several of them confessed that they had voted for her Conservative opponent! All that she could get out of them in explanation was "Sorry Miss, it is no good, you know." I am not sure what the explanation of this last curiosity is. Was it merely that they felt that her opponent must be successful in any case, and that it was therefore wiser, for some undefinable reason, to be with the winning side—still a strong tendency in human nature—or was it that on the eve of the Christmas festivities, when free

teas and blankets can be expected, they wanted to be able to tell patrons that they had voted Tory? Finally, there are two facts which I should have found hard to believe if they had not been vouched for by several candidates. First, many poor voters still say that it is wiser to vote for Conservatives because they "have the money" and are able to "do more for you" if they are in power and, secondly, hundreds of voters think they have to vote on the electioneering card sent round by the candidate, so that if a candidate makes the mistake of sending his card early, supporters lose their cards and don't go to the poll!

* * *

On Saturday the B.B.C. is beginning what should be an unusually interesting series of Talks, called "European Exchange." Young men and women are coming from Germany, Denmark, France, Czechoslovakia, Turkey and Russia (Italy is apparently too difficult) to explain their political outlook in discussion with young English men and women. The speakers will not be well known people and, if the Talks are to do more good than harm, it should be made clear that, in the case of the dictatorship countries at least, they are stating a case approved of by the Governments of their countries. Ferdinand Winkel, the German who is talking next Saturday, is a young film producer and an ardent Nazi. Every word he says will of course have been passed by the Nazi Government—a fact that Stephen Taylor, the young English doctor who is to discuss with him, will no doubt bear in mind. It was particularly enterprising and energetic of the B.B.C. to bring over a Turkish woman from Istanbul for her Talk. It is nice to have money to spend in such pleasant ways.

* * *

I usually think the B.B.C. news bulletin reasonably impartial. But the account of the Egyptian riots on Election night shocked me. No attempt was made to give the Egyptian case and after describing the refusal of the demonstrators to disperse after several warnings and shots over their heads, we were told that the troops fired into the crowd, which then dispersed "like rabbits." I have not myself observed that rabbits commonly wait for a second volley!

* * *

A friend now staying in a Northern Italian town writes to say that all the shops are displaying signs "Only Italian Goods Sold Here," and that one famous shop specialising in English goods has several of these signs in its windows without even taking the trouble to remove the Burberry and Aquascutum price tags from its display. He could not help laughing at seeing a card with "Soltante Prodotti Italiani" supported by a bottle of Johnnie Walker. He adds: By Monday, the atmosphere had become sullen, ugly. When I opened the *Times* in my restaurant, a man next to me asked the waiter in a loud voice: "You are not serving me with British products, are you?" I took *Le Temps* out of my pocket a few minutes later, and another customer who had just sat down demanded: "Don't serve me with any foreign food!" Wishing to read something without provoking an international incident, I took out a copy of the *New York Herald*. I read this until my two neighbours had left and another had sat down, who immediately praised America for helping Italy to get "this little piece of land." I agreed vigorously and we got along very well until he noticed *New York Herald—Paris Edition!*

CRITIC

VEGETABLES AND LANGUAGE

A FRENCHWOMAN of high lineage
Who adored "épinards à la crême"
Died in England for lack of spinach
Because she couldn't tolerate the name.

Think of those outlandish greens that aren't green—
Such as the lovely purple "aubergine":
Can you bear calling it "egg-plant"?
I can't.

OTTO WATTEAU

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Martin Wright.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

What is Conservatism? We conceive that the mass of the people do not trouble to define a Conservative any more than they would trouble to define an elephant: they know it when they see it: a certain strength, a certain benignity, a mildness of manner and massiveness of movement—such recognisable characteristics supply the place of definition.—*Morning Post* Leading Article.

The death of the hunted deer is one of exhaustion and it is, therefore, a merciful death.—Bishop of Exeter reported in *Daily Herald*.

Have any of your readers ever seen a toad seated on a toadstool? If so, I should be glad of authentic records.—Letter in *Birmingham Post*.

It is characteristic of a Party that has not shrunk from opposing the Speaker in his constituency that it should also have dragged foreign affairs into the forefront of its election platform.—*Morning Post* Leading Article.

But this year parents will not be wakened by the prattle of noisy offspring.

They will wake to the staccato crackle of a machine-gun, the whine of a bombing 'plane, and the "clack-clack" of little Eric's rifle.

It is estimated that nearly £1,000,000 will be spent on Christmas toys in London. And half the toys are replicas of instruments of war. Several shops are displaying toy gas-masks at sixpence each.—*Sunday Pictorial*.

The official village has miniature streets shaded by trees and little gardens where convicts in ankle-chains nurse feeble plants and shrubs under the eyes of armed warders. At first glance it is like a bit of rural England lifted into the African desert.—*Daily Telegraph*.

"The best people are going back to combinations," says Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge, London's foremost Fashion Specialists.—*Daily Telegraph*.

The Harmsworth "Quads" are to broadcast on Saturday night—part of the "In Town To-night" feature of Saturday Magazine. A microphone will be hung near their cot, and while masked engineers supervise the broadcast the gurgles of the babies will be relayed into thousands of homes.—*Daily Mirror*.

AN OPEN LETTER TO "A.P.H." M.P.

MY DEAR ALAN,—First of all, warmest congratulations—though I don't conceal my disappointment that my old friend John Stocks is not elected for my old University—and may the Spirit of Righteousness guide you aright!

I have followed you with sympathy in all your previous campaigns, partly because I so much admired your combination of wit and courage, and, partly because I thought you almost always in the right. But I confess that I sometimes felt a faint twinge of disappointment that you should spend such immense energy upon causes which, in their relation to the *main* cause, seemed scarcely worthy of your sword. It is certainly monstrous that drinking facilities should be different for the rich and for the poor; but the British working man does not really mind whether he has to turn out of his pub at ten or at eleven. It is certainly monstrous that betting should be legal for the rich and illegal for the poor; but I never knew a working man who did not quite easily and affably evade the law and get his bob on when he wanted to. It is certainly monstrous that our divorce laws should be as illogical, as cruel and as cowardly as they are; but, after all, the vast

majority of people do not want to get divorced. All these things are important, primarily, because they call *freedom* in question, and the sole question is whether there is not in politics a point of quarrel far more fundamental, far more essential to freedom itself, than any of these.

As Byron remarked long ago, the rich are free and the poor are slaves, all over the earth: it always has been so; and, if you will think of the matter from a fresh point of view (a thing I have never known you hesitate to do!) I think you will agree that the well-to-do are free because they have a solid basis or background of established wealth. They can go where they like, do what they like, spend their time how they like, even say what they like. Now, I believe with you that ultimately freedom is the one thing that matters; and I think *you* must believe with *me* that, in the economic sphere, freedom becomes a matter of the financial basis. In short, there are a few thousand free people in this country, and many millions unfree. The out-of-work who has perhaps not had a job for ten years, and who is so broken by starvation that, particularly if he has a wife and family, he would feel compelled to submit to almost any indignity in order that his children might be fed—who, indeed, under the harshness of the present "National" Government's enforcement of the Means Test, does in fact have to submit to such humiliations—is not free. The miner who sweats naked in darkness and imminent danger underground for many hours a day, and thereby earns so little that he has nothing left over for any pleasure or diversion of any kind, is not free; he knows that if he were not to be absolutely obedient he would be thrown on the scrap-heap, and twenty men would be pitifully struggling for his place. The girl in the shop, the clerk in the office, who have to speak respectfully of an employer they despise—an employer who may earn their contempt by abominable behaviour—are not free. If they throw up their job on any point of pride or liberty, they are immediately out on the streets, and starving.

Now, Socialism—and this is the whole point to which I have been working up—Socialism, the creed of the Labour Party, is nothing more nor less than the attempt to establish, by central ownership or control ("all for all"), an insurance, a background of security and therefore of freedom, for the toiling or unemployed masses. So long as the individual has to scramble in the labour market for an opportunity to earn his living, he never can be secure and never can be free. Try, with your acute and sympathetic imagination, to realise what that means—what it must be like to live from day to day and week to week without sufficient money to save or adequately to insure, and with the spectre of unemployment growing larger and blacker every moment at your elbow!

Under Socialism, the State would make it its first purpose to see that everybody, old or young, ill or well, should be safeguarded at least from that horror. There would be absolute assurance of at least enough to eat, and as the fortress of security was built up, there would, of course, come a gradual approximation of incomes. The gross and scandalous wealth of some would steadily shrink, the wretchedly inadequate pittance of others would swell. I do not know of any serious Socialist who advocates *absolute* equality of income. The experiment was, as you know, actually tried in Russia, and had to be given up as a failure. But if we have a steady and sturdy minimum for everybody, absolute equality is a matter of no importance whatever. It does not worry me that you have a bigger income than I have, but it worries me to death that so many people are underpaid or on the dole. You will, I'm sure, admit, what was evident from your eloquent election address, that you are not particularly interested in Socialism. Your cheerily optimistic view that capitalism has rubbed along all right so far shows a complete misunderstanding of how people are actually living in the distressed areas—the slow starvation, the inexorable breaking down of body and soul. Capitalism has worked all right for the Alan Herberts of this world, because their gifts had high money-value; it has worked like Hell for the ordinary man.

To come right down to it, there are, and must be in the nature of things, only two parties in the State—those who believe in keeping the poor poor and, therefore, unfree, and those who believe in strengthening and exalting them until they can lead free, happy lives. The "National" Government, as it has shown by its action over unemployment and the Means Test, is the party which believes in poverty and its consequent lack of freedom for the worker; naturally, the private employer must desire a number of unemployed from whom he can draw supplies when his business expands, and whom he can chuck out to starve (quite necessarily, however kindly he may be as an individual, under a capitalist system) when his business and his dividends contract. Over against him stands the party of freedom, the only party which has my (and I believe your) conception of freedom, and that is the Socialist. Instead of dismissing it, as you did in your election letter, as one of those details about which it will mainly be sufficient to "follow your leader," will you not give the matter your deepest thought, and be prepared, if you are convinced, to fight for the bigger freedom as you have so gallantly fought for the smaller ones?

I may perhaps be allowed to add a further plea. I think you would find that, once the big freedom was won, the smaller ones would be added unto you. I do not say, because I am afraid I do not think, that Labour leaders are necessarily more *broad*-minded in what we may call social morals than their opponents; but they are more *fair*-minded. For instance, they might be obstinate about refusing the obvious reform that two people who both openly wanted to be divorced should be allowed a divorce; but they would certainly do away with the scandal of the expense which denies divorce *altogether* to the poor. And, that done, the rest would follow.

Lastly, has it struck you that everybody without private capital (or, the Socialist equivalent, guaranteed state backing) is a prostitute? The employed must do what he is told, which is often something shabby or mean, or he and his wife and children starve. Just conceivably, it might happen to you! It seems impossible, but the public taste in literature is very odd, it might go gaga and cease to love your too-lovable Topsies and your Tantivorous Towers. And what would poor Haddock do then? The choice might be given him between a slightly-crooked job—coercing workers poorer than himself, let's say—and starving. If he were a single man, he would refuse. But, married and responsible for children, he would become crooked. (He would have no decent alternative.) So should I. So would everybody. But it brings an ugly name upon us, from which Socialism alone can save us.

Yours ever,

GERALD GOULD

HAVING SIGNED A PETITION

SIGNING petitions is a practice that does not become more agreeable with advancing years. When one is young, there is a certain pleasure in signing them. One feels that, in doing so, one becomes part of a vast movement on the march—that one is getting things done—that one is bringing pressure to bear on governments and other powerful institutions. As one grows older, however, one begins to ask oneself: "Why should I have to do this? Why do other people keep on doing things that have to be petitioned against?" And one feels a little resentful at the thought that one may find oneself with writer's cramp simply through having to go on perpetually writing one's name at the foot of protests against things that ought never even to have been contemplated.

Most of the petitions I have signed in recent years have been about streets, houses, bridges and landscapes. If a street or a house or a bridge or a landscape is beautiful, it is almost impossible to preserve it without a petition. If a street is beautiful, for example, it attracts the eye of a speculative builder, who says to himself: "This is rather a nice street. A lot of people would like to live here. If only I could put up a block of flats, people who like to live in a street rich in old-world charm would jump at the chance of taking them."

So he lays his plans for buying up several of the houses that constitute the old-world charm and building in their place a block of flats that will destroy it. What no speculative builder can understand, apparently, is that you cannot ruin the charm of a street and at the same time keep it. The speculative builder lives under the illusion that he can knock down a streetful of old houses and put flats in their places and that the charm of the old houses will in some miraculous way survive their disappearance.

That explains why the speculative builder looks with a particularly longing eye on the most charming streets and landscapes. Sir John Squire once said that you never hear of anything ugly being pulled down in London, and this is partly because the speculative builder has such an unerring eye for beauty and, in the innocence of his heart, believes that he knows a way by which more people will be enabled to enjoy it. "Why," he asks himself, "should the enjoyment of all this beauty be confined to the inhabitants of a few two-storey and three-storey houses?" And, being a philanthropist, he sets to work to provide flats in place of the small houses.

His behaviour in the country is much the same. He sees a beautiful stretch of woodland and says to himself: "What a lovely piece of scenery! Seems a sin that there are so few people here to enjoy it. Now, if I could cut down those trees and build a lot of little Tudor villas I'm sure there are thousands of people who would love to live in the midst of such charming woodland views." And before long the saws have done their work, the woods have disappeared, and hundreds of houses offered for sale on the instalment system have turned the place into a suburb that looks more like an inferior piece of London than a piece of the country.

One would have expected that, by this time, what with Town-Planning Acts and the work of the Society for the Preservation of Rural Amenities, the speculative builder would have been reduced to harmlessness—that he would have been discouraged in his dream of developing beautiful places by ruining them. Like many idealists, however, he is a most persistent fellow. It is said to be the mark of a good man to be indifferent to public opinion, and the speculative builder does not care a fig for public opinion. If he thought that the amenities of Westminster Abbey could be improved by setting up a garage in the grounds, he would build the garage, if the authorities permitted him, whatever the public outcry. He would think that everybody who objected to a garage in such a place was a crank, and would pocket his profits with a good conscience.

It is the authorities, indeed, and not the builders, who are the more likely to be influenced by petitions. And even the authorities are too often inclined to vacillate when it comes to standing between a speculative builder and his dreams. "After all," they reason, "the man has bought the land. The land is his, and a man has the right to do what he likes with his own." Fortunately, this is a dying creed. A man is not permitted, simply because he owns a house, to disturb the neighbourhood by sitting at his open bedroom window all night yodelling at the top of his voice. It seems reasonable to conclude that, if the owner of a piece of land or a house has not the right unduly to offend his neighbours' ears, neither has he the right unduly to offend their eyes. Apart from this, the beauty of a street is a public possession—as much a public possession (or it ought to be) as the pictures in the National Gallery. It is the possession not only of the people who live in it but of the people who walk along it. We do not take sufficiently into account the pleasure human beings get from walking in fine streets. I fancy that, if all the fine streets in London were pulled down, they would cause an even greater diminution of happiness among Londoners than if all the art-galleries and their contents perished by fire. Hence the importance not only of making new streets beautiful but of preserving the beauty of the old ones.

If utility were everything, we should find the church making money by letting the outer walls of St. Paul's to advertising companies; and winking illuminated signs recommending us to drink this firm's gin and that firm's port would look exceedingly effective on the dome. But nobody any longer believes that utility is everything; or, perhaps, it would be better to say that more and more people now see that beauty itself is a useful thing since it gives human beings pleasure. It is on this ground that I would put in a plea for some of those little country bridges that are now threatened with demolition in the name of utility. It is said that a bridge so narrow that it has no room for two lines of traffic is unwanted to a motoring age, and that wider bridges are a public necessity. They may be in some cases, but in others a narrow bridge seems to me to be a public advantage. I know a little village which is approached by such a bridge—indeed by two rather incompetent bridges—and which owes half its charm to them. Also, possibly, half its peace. I have driven across the narrower of the bridges again and again, and never found that it caused any inconvenience beyond the delay of a second or two when waiting for a car to come across in the opposite direction. It would be dangerous, no doubt, if two reckless drivers tried to rush the bridge at the same time; but, when two drivers meet, one of them at least is, as a rule, sane. Hence, the only damage that is done is the damage to the nerves of those comparatively few motorists who regard every slight delay on the road as a personal affront to them. I feel sure that the majority of motorists who use the bridge would vote for its preservation as an essential part of the village and as a protection of its peace. It seems to me perfectly absurd to open up the quiet parts of the country to those motorists who do not care for the country but only for speeding through it. I am all for turning the main roads of the country into safe and efficient speed-tracks; but surely it is folly to convert every quiet side-road into an invitation to the speed-lover. If narrow bridges are dangerous, then let them be provided with a system of red and green lights. This would do less harm to the peace of the countryside than an influx of the lovers of speed for speed's sake.

There are times when I would like to organise a petition against false progress, which is the next worst thing to no progress at all. There are people, I believe, who would think it progressive to remove Snowdon, and to leave a plain in its place, simply because Snowdon has been there so long. They are hot for improvement, development and so forth, and have made themselves happy by the ruin of many a street and many a village without adding conspicuously to the happiness either of the inhabitants or of visitors. Progressive ruin, however, can hardly be called progress. Apart from this, if it is a sin to remove a neighbour's landmark, it is surely an equal sin to remove a neighbour's landscape. Yet that is what the speculative builders and developers seem to me to be doing. I intend to go on and on and on signing petitions till they stop. I have, it may be gathered, just signed another. Y. Y.

Correspondence

LABOUR POLICY

SIR,—Those of us in the middle classes who have for years actively supported the Labour Party and who, in spite of our disappointment with the Labour campaign, have held our tongues during the election, may perhaps now be allowed a word of criticism and suggestion. I move among professional workers and I find that those who support Labour and those who are interested in politics, but not deeply committed, alike complain of Labour's apparent unwillingness to put a concrete, realistic programme before the electors. This criticism seems to be almost entirely justified by reference to the Labour Party broadcasts. This broadcasting is a novel method of reaching the electors and one which Labour leaders seem quite unable to grasp to effect. I find it difficult to think that any doubtful elector was persuaded to vote Labour by either of the first two speakers. Looking at the verbatim reports in the *Listener* of the speeches of Mr. Greenwood and of Mr. Morrison, I find that a full three-

quarters of each was devoted to denunciation of the Government. I do not think that any fair-minded person could contend that the remaining quarter of either speech contained any real attempt to argue or explain the Labour case. With the exception of one sentence Mr. Morrison's speech might, I think, have been made by any reasonably representative Liberal. It seems to me that these Labour speakers, who have sickened so many electors by their attachment to denunciation, have wasted a first-class opportunity of stating their case—if they have one in which they themselves believe. They denounce Mr. Baldwin for asking for a blank cheque and do pretty nearly the same thing themselves.

I suggest that the Labour Party might now begin to think what its policy really is. There was little in the record of its two administrations to justify an appeal for confidence, and if Labour is ever to obtain full success at the polls it must *persuade* the electors that it has a practicable political programme. In the first place the Party might make up its mind what sort of society it wants (and for this, its leaders might ask Professor Tawney to conduct a tutorial class) and, next, it might indicate with precision what steps it is going to take to reach its end. When the leaders have got thus far they might sign a self-denying ordinance that until after the next election they will all tell the same story—or retire into strictly private life! And then, we of the rank and file may with some confidence set about the task of attaching to the good cause our neighbour doubter.

I am confident that in the professional classes which I know well the Labour Party has made no progress for years. In fact, the enthusiasm of fifteen years ago for the alliance of the brain-worker with Labour has to a large extent faded away. Something much better than we are being given is needed to recapture it.

MIDDLE-CLASS

PACIFISTS AND SANCTIONS

SIR,—Referring to Mr. Joad's article in your number of Nov. 9, I would be grateful if you will accord me, as a pacifist, the courtesy of your columns to ask him this question.

Would he recommend the adoption of what he terms the "second best" method if Italy now had the same form of government as that which attacked Abyssinia in 1896, namely, a democratic one under a constitutional monarch?

Audley Cottage, Ascot. JOHN F. HUBBARD

PHEASANT SHOOTING

SIR,—It is evident from Mr. Cope Morgan's letter that his acquaintance with the country and pheasant shooting is very one-sided. When he is enjoying "the simple pleasures" of his day's sport he meets a deferential keeper and a number of subservient beaters. These men are thinking of the various tips they will receive at the end of a good day's kill. He does not see this same keeper with the eyes of the local population. To them the keeper is often the savage guardian of the countryside, a surly watch-dog who prevents their enjoying even simpler pleasures which the common earth can afford: such pleasures as walking in the woods on a spring day. To them he is often a brutal hooligan who orders them rudely back on to the road, and shouts at children in a terrifying manner. Perhaps it would modify the simplicity of Mr. Cope Morgan's pleasure if he realised how many other people's simple pleasures were being sacrificed to his.

A point that I should like to make clear is that I am not attacking sport in general. The pheasant breeds naturally in England, and an excellent day's shooting can be had when man, gun and dog combine alone against the quarry. It is true less birds will be killed by this method, but I submit this is a simpler and more manly sport than driving artificially frightened tame birds towards guns that are loaded by keepers and handed to gentlemen to let off. It has the advantage of not demanding the elaborate preparation and outlay that the shooting of specially reared pheasants demands, and it does not selfishly claim the best of the countryside for the gratification of the degenerate instincts of a privileged plutocracy.

COUNTRYMAN

CARS AND VOTES

SIR,—On Thursday, November 14th, I came down from the Midlands to my home town in Hertfordshire. At a small country town I had to change trains, and whilst waiting on the platform I asked the porter if he had made up his mind whom to vote for. He replied that he did not know; it depended which party came to fetch him to the polls.

I then had to go on to the next town, in the same constituency, where I voted. I then spent two or three hours driving a car for the Labour candidate. During that time—in this little country town, I saw some twenty or thirty large cars carrying the Tory candidate's colours. At the Socialist's headquarters I found one other car besides my own, and while I drove I saw two others carrying the same name.

As you know, it was a particularly unpleasant day for going out any distance. At six o'clock I had to stop, but was able to take a message back to my candidate. The message was, "You must get a car out to —— by 6.30 p.m. There are at least twenty certain votes if they can be got some 1 to 1½ miles to the polling station."

Whether the necessary car could be sent or not I do not know, but I think the implications of this experience are obvious.

Hemel Hempstead, H. G. MAULE
Hertfordshire.

ROAD STATISTICS

SIR,—Mr. Frederick Brown surely exaggerates in asserting that published statistics of road accidents are meaningless. He would be perfectly correct if he had been content to say they involve sufficient dubious factors to make a final analysis impossible.

Pending fuller scientific data, which may eventually justify a number of trustworthy conclusions, the authorities must experiment in the hope of raising the safety factor. Not long ago there was a common impression that a handful of roadhogs were mainly responsible for the toll of life and limb. The figures under discussion definitely suggest that reckless high speed is actually a minor factor, and that most accidents occur owing to some error of judgment at comparatively rational speeds. This in turn suggests that the most fruitful cause of accidents is "confusion." There is room for many diverse elements in "confusion" . . . congestion, dazzle, complicated road junctions, genuine or absolute high speed, an average rate of traffic speed too high for many drivers, and so on. But it is absurd to say that the statistics are "meaningless."

R. E. DAVIDSON

EUTHANASIA

SIR,—When I remember that my continued existence is dangerous, that sick nursing is heavy and risky work, that my friends though still young are yet not immortal, that they owe conflicting allegiances and that on the altar of my interminably protracted dying their tranquillity and health are being laid as a sacrifice, I am convinced that I could with eagerness—and perhaps a shrug of the shoulders affix my shaky signature to an application for euthanasia. (It is a far, far better thing that I do—that would be the idea).

Moreover, if my death could be hurried and made easier, I should prefer this to take place as a result of my own deliberate decision, and not without my knowledge at the good and merciful pleasure of my medical man; and I have no right to ask him to commit murder out of pity for me. I could not see that Dr. Roberts' objections to the Voluntary Euthanasia Bill were grave enough.

INVALID

"A. E."

SIR,—My firm has arranged to publish a Memoir of A.E. (the late G. W. Russell) by his friend Mr. John Eglinton, and I should be extremely grateful to your readers for the loan of any letters or documents by A. E. which might be of interest or assistance in this study of his life and work.

The utmost care would be taken of any such material addressed to this office, and the papers would be copied and returned with the least possible delay. FREDERICK MACMILLAN

Macmillan and Co., Ltd.,
St. Martin's Street, London, W.C.2.

ABYSSINIA

SIR,—In your issue dated November 9th, Mr. Driberg gives a criticism of "Abyssinia at Bay," together with that of several other books dealing with that country.

I was interested to note that your critic refers to the fact that

the author of this book thinks that *abuna* is a proper name. It is the invariable practice in Abyssinia to use the title of *abuna* as a proper name for the individual holding the position of *abuna*. Thus it is quite impossible for anybody to hear that dignitary referred to by any Abyssinian as anything other than *Abuna*.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Driberg in his rather slating criticism of this book (which by the by, I have not read) should have picked upon one point upon which the author is authentically correct.

12 St. John's Park Road, Blackheath, S.E.3. HUGO YARDLEY

[Mr. Driberg writes: I agree that *abuna* is used conversationally in the same way as we may refer to "The Bishop" without further specification when everyone realises to whom the term is applied. But in no sense is it a personal name. *Abuna*, moreover, is used both of Bishops (or Priests) and of the Archbishop (or High Priest). But let the author speak for himself. These are his words: "Who was the old gentleman? His name was *Abuna*, and he was head of the Ethiopian Christian Church." What else can one suppose was in the author's mind but that Abuna was the old gentleman's name, especially as elsewhere and in the Index he refers consistently and inaccurately to Albuna."—*Ed. N.S. & N.*]

Miscellany

MAXIM MAXIMOVITCH LITVINOV

LITVINOV believes in America's great pre-depression slogan: "Keep Smiling." He has a round, ruddy face, a roly-poly figure, and tremendous physical vigour. Once he was a good ice-skater. Even now he jazzes from one end of a diplomatic reception to the other in company with the most attractive young ladies of the company.

Comrade Litvinov has the wit which stings, especially when he shoots arrows at Nazi philosophy or at disarmers who dislike disarmament. Some of his speeches in Geneva since 1929 have not only been good politics, but just plain good fun. Ask the newspaper correspondents. Every time he takes the floor the journalists rush in from the League Bar and corridors; there is usually a story in what he says.

Not so the permanent correspondents in Moscow. He

hates correspondents at home and some of them reciprocate the sentiment. Other Foreign Offices may spoil the news men with political receptions, dinners, and interviews. The Moscow Narkomindel keeps them on a starvation diet whose most tempting dish is an after-midnight communiqué. Litvinov even plays hide-and-seek with the foreign correspondents in Moscow. When he was leaving for Washington to see Mr. Roosevelt he kept them guessing about his day of leaving. They posted private sentinels at all railway stations and at his office, and in the end caught him in force on the platform to wave a not-too-loving farewell when the train pulled out. Although his objective at the moment was American recognition, he refused to see any of the Americans in Moscow, to whom a word would have been a first-page sensation. The moment he got to Warsaw, and later in Berlin, he became quite communicative.

He can be rude with subordinates. He has a one- or two-word bark which they all know and fear. But he loves many of them and is a father to a few. Like some other big men, he is not tolerant enough to inferiors who have influence or independence of judgment. He likes his own echo. Nor is he meek in the presence of the mightiest. He has had his quarrels with Stalin and other Bolshevik chiefs. He fights for his policies and has been remarkably successful in getting them through. As Foreign Minister he has been responsible for ending Soviet isolation and bringing Russia into the League as a world Power.

Everybody in the Soviet Union respects his wisdom, his knowledge of international affairs, and his ability as a negotiator. He and Stalin make Soviet foreign policy. They are well met. The Georgian oriental and the Jew are patient and exhausting bargainers. Litvinov's outstanding characteristics are steadiness, loyalty to the principles of Socialism—he was one of Lenin's early pupils—and a high integrity. He is very truthful and tells the unvarnished truth with a bluntness that hurts. He often tells it to diplomats. "You are not in Mexico," was a suitable reprimand to Sir Esmond Ovey.

The British Embassy put him out of his old home, the Sugar King's Palace on the quay of the Moskva. He didn't mind. With his English wife and two beautiful children he took a small apartment over a garage in the court of the Foreign Office's guest house. The authorities insisted that he accept accommodation in the big mansion. Maxim Maximovitch demurred. Rumour says that he will be forced to. But for years he and his family have been in the attic over the garage breathing petrol fumes.

He loves Mischa and Tanya. Mischa will be an aviation engineer soon. President Roosevelt arranged for Litvinov to talk from the White House with Ivy Litvinova in Moscow. Most of the conversation was devoted to Mischa's toothache. He is a fond, even a sentimental father, bothers much about his children's education, and was seriously worried at one time when Mischa refused to bow to any discipline. "Must I beat him?" he asked. The household is most modest. Litvinov's wage is small, and sometimes the family has to skimp to make ends meet. (Outside the Soviet Union, of course, Government money keeps him in a style befitting his high office.) Litvinov carries strict economy into his department, too. He maintains the salaries of his officials in Moscow and of Soviet diplomats abroad at an uncomfortably low level. He is of the old Bolshevik guard which had a Spartan streak in it.

NOTES ON WORDS

II.—SENTIMENTAL.

Sunt quos curriculo:—there are those, Horace tells us, whose joy is to gather Olympic dust upon their racing cars; others to be decked with Delian bays in the Capitol, or to win the fame of boxers, or to be pointed out in the street as masters of the lyre. None of these are my ambitions; what I like is to have my letters printed in the *Times*. In those grave columns I feel that I take my due place among the statesmen, the peers and prelates and weighty thinkers of my age.

Among the thousands who beat in vain upon that gate to glory, the few to whom it opens find themselves confronted by a staircase of several degrees—by a ladder with at least six rungs for their aspiring feet to climb. Of these the lowliest is fixed in the column entitled "Points from Letters"; the next is the epistles printed in full, but in small-type, in the same dark corner, and after that in larger-type letters there. Then there are the small-type, then the large-type, letters on the great central editorial page; and then—dizziest height of all—a letter with a leading article about it. To this height I cannot vaunt that I have as yet ascended; but I believe that I can boast, without contradiction, of having performed there a stylistic feat of which not the greatest statesman or most honoured prelate—no, not even that master of the phrase, the Archbishop of Canterbury himself—can brag; a feat which Shakespeare accomplished so subtly in his Sonnets, and which Proust described as the greatest triumph of the art of writing—the expression, namely, of a gross impropriety in such elegance of diction that the most elegantly minded readers will not see it; or, if they do, will not believe their eyes.

But the writer to the *Times* must be an opportunist. One subject is ventilated in its columns for a week or two, and then suddenly, inexorably, the window closes; the curtain is rung down, and no letter, however eloquently written, will find admittance on any terms. This misadventure has happened to me on two occasions. Once E. F. Benson held me up to ridicule; but just when I had posted a letter poking fun at him, the subject of sustenance for the abdomen had replaced that of nutriment for the mind, and a letter entitled *What is a Pork Sausage?* was printed where mine should have sparkled. I accused my fellow-climber on this staircase, Enid Bagnold, of having played me this knavish trick; she alleged that she was in mid-Atlantic at the time. But what are alibis to deep students like myself of the literature of crime? We laugh at them; for we know that the more perfect the alibi, the more perfect the proof of guilt.

My second misadventure had also a gastronomic aspect. The subject under discussion was Christian Prayer. I had written to show that a certain prayer for the departed, which has sneaked and snivelled its way into the *Revised Prayer Book* of 1928, and is now intoned at every Memorial Service, was not, as was supposed, an ancient prayer at all, but a modern fake. A clergyman in South Kensington asserted that, on the contrary, the prayer was an ancient one, having, "as a matter of fact," been written, he said, by Lancelot Andrewes. The attribution was a clever one, since all of us can say anything we like about this famous Bishop with no fear of contradiction; can even proclaim him as the greatest master of English prose; since no one I have ever heard of has been able to read more than a page of his arid and controversial volumes. I replied taunting this parson with his admitted inability to give a reference, and added that to attribute to this unsentimental Bishop so flagrant a piece of Victorian sentimentality (which Newman really wrote) was about as preposterous as to say that Newman had borrowed from Herrick the lines:

> *And with the morn those angel faces smile*
> *Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile;*

or to suggest that Tennyson drew his *Tears, idle tears* from sources in the Middle Ages, or in Marlowe. But again the abdomen had replaced the soul in the *Times* columns, and the flavour of ice-cream—whether vanilla or strawberry—left no place for prayer.

All the same, this allegation of anachronism is sometimes a ticklish business, and one may be staggered by finding very modern elements in writings of authentic age. Of course, the mention of the English in the Sermon on the Mount is outside this discussion, being, as we all know, an instance of Divine Fore-knowledge; but Mussolini would have been wise to ponder more profoundly the text, "Blessed are the meek:

for they shall inherit the earth," in which that mention indubitably occurs.

To descend, however, from the supernatural, I was once flabbergasted to find addressed to the evening star in the eighteenth century the romantic lines,

Speak silence with thy glimmering eyes,
And wash the dusk with silver ;

and walking one evening in Oxford with Walter Raleigh, I remarked how odd it was to think that these lines were written and published in the age of Dr. Johnson.

"They were not," my companion categorically replied. "Yes, they were," I answered. "Are you aware, Sir," he asked me, "that I am Professor of English Literature in this University?" "I've heard malicious people say so," I admitted. "Well, it's the truth," he asserted, "and as such—as the occupant of that chair—I now inform you that those lines you quoted belong to the age of Tennyson." That I thereupon dragged the Professor to the Union Library, and showed him the verses in an eighteenth-century book of which he had himself edited a new edition, is a favourite vainglory of mine, and one by whose means I once hoped to win the prize at a Chelsea Boasting Party; and I might have done so, if it had not been snatched from me by a distinguished lady-novelist, who remarked that she possessed a certificate of her virginity signed by the Pope, which she had procured in order to nullify a Catholic marriage at the cost of eighty pounds.

Shakespeare is, of course, famous for his anachronisms; all commentators note the thoughts of his own age which he attributes to the characters of former ages; but the way he pillaged the future, and robbed its unborn writers is even more scandalous and striking. Lytton Strachey has shown how in *Othello* he stole from Pope the sun of his couplets :—

She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following and not look behind,
She was a wight, if ever such wight were—
To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

From Keats he bagged the Keatsian invocation of Enobarbus to the Moon,

O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,

and even more extraordinary is the way he imitates Mallarmé and our modern non-sense poets in the *Phoenix and the Turtle* —that conscious and deliberate construction of a merely musical pattern of words :

Let the priest in surplice white
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

Can Valéry or T. S. Eliot beat the beautiful meaninglessness of this?

The Victorian sentimentality I objected to in that questionable prayer, about the lengthening shades and the hushing of the busy world, and the time when the fever of life is over—is not this mood, elegant, autumnal, elegaic, to be found in Shakespeare's Sonnets :

No longer mourn for me when I am dead—
That time of year thou mayst in me behold?

Are not these glaring thefts from Gray's Elegy and from all that graveyard poetry of Omar Khayyam, Thomas Hardy, and the latest *succès de larmes*, the *Shropshire Lad*, for which our literature is so justly famous?

The word *sentimental*, as I have attempted to show elsewhere, was a lovely word when it was first issued from the English eighteenth-century mint, a "perfumed term of the time," which Sterne adopted for the title of his *Sentimental Journey* with no ironic meaning. It indicated a refined and elevated way of feeling, a sense of the briefness, the beauty and the sadness of life—the Virgilian *lachrymae rerum*, which we find in that loveliest line of Latin poetry,

Dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos,

and which melts the heart of Dante's pilgrim when he hears the *squilla di lontano*, the sound of bells in the distance that seem to mourn the dying day.

How completely to-day is this mood out of fashion! What a hissing and astonishment would fill the squares of Bloomsbury should a Hogarth poet try to squeeze out those

Tears from the depth of some divine despair

of which Tennyson did after all (let Bloomsbury be damned, but I will say it)—did after all divinely sing!

The French have been more happy in preserving the amiable meaning of this word which they borrowed from us, and which we, in our crude English fashion, have so degraded and disgraced. Thus Barrès could ascribe *une sentimentalité très fine* to a sympathetic character, and the poet Albert Samain sing of the nightingale as

L'oiseau sentimental,
L'oiseau, triste et divin, que les ombres suscitent.

We cannot call our English nightingales sentimental birds. I think it's a pity. I think I shall write to the *Times* about it.

LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Three Sisters," at the Old Vic

It is often thought that climatic reasons make Russian plays seem so gloomy and certainly anyone who has travelled by train through Russia in mid-winter can understand the longing of the Three Sisters for Moscow. But it is hardly fair on a play which is certainly intended for a comedy, to give it quite so tedious a cloak of boredom, even if by so doing an atmosphere is created in which this competition in the unattainable seems credible. While Irina (Miss Hornsby) is acted with perfect natural emotion, Miss Bennett's Masha seemed to me to smack of the conventional vamp, while Miss Ney did not bring quite the power to her portrayal of the eldest sister, which would keep the balance of the character-studies. Mr. Devlin's Baron and Mr. Trouncer's Doctor were the two best pieces of acting in the play, though Mr. Swinley's Colonel was admirably thought out. The production fails to bring quite the sense of intimacy which the play demands. Tchekov's acute understanding of character makes all the figures in the play familiar to us by a hundred little touches, but the scenes often do not move us at the Old Vic as they should, largely through a certain vagueness in striking the note of each scene. The night of the fire and the carnival supper fail, though both the farewell to the echo and the incident of the red beard succeed. There is too much of a dead level in the effect of this presentation and while for many reasons it is always a pleasure to see this play, the present revival errs on the side of dullness.

"Timon," at the Westminster

Timon of Athens is Shakespeare in medieval vein, exploiting a morality-theme for its rhetorical occasions. It has little subtlety of characterisation, and its situations are crude and mechanical; but the part of Timon is conceived in the grand manner, and in the hands of a great actor might still be overwhelmingly impressive. Mr. Ernest Milton, though highly accomplished, is not a great actor, and his ranting has therefore a hollow note. His pronounced mannerisms of speech and movement are frequently jarring, and one suspects at moments that he is reciting lines rather than presenting the white-hot rage and resentment which lie in them. The spate of words flows on, but its depth and force are no longer apparent. Shakespeare himself is partly responsible, since his preoccupation with scarifying rhetoric is allowed to squeeze the action unmercifully, and the absence of dramatic proportion, to the modern taste, is not compensated by the violence of Timon's poetry. This is only to confirm the judgment of the past half-century that the play has nowadays little more than a curiosity value, though the Group Theatre programme editor finds in it "some of Shakespeare's greatest verse" and a message particularly appropriate to the present day. Mr. Nugent Monck's production is easy, swift and within limits effective, though the décor is uninspired and the costumes over-fanciful. Mr. Harcourt Williams does well as Apemantus, and Mr. Torin Thatcher, particularly in the trial scene, makes an impressive Alcibiades.

"Murder Gang," at the Embassy

We learn about ourselves from America. Should we ever have heard of Glasgow gangsters, if it hadn't been for Chicago? And now Fleet Street—hitherto the dream of Sir James Barrie and newspaper proprietors—has been put on the stage in a yellower

light. Mr. George Munro and Mr. Basil Dean have written a play to show up the English " murder racket "—the methods by which a squalid murder in an out-of-the-way village is followed up and made into sensational news. The surprising thing is that, coming after *Late Night Final* and other Hollywood films, *Murder Gang* should be so good. It is not merely a duller and less alcoholic version of its American original. The scene and the characters are definitely English, and the satire emerges naturally instead of being stuck on like grease-paint. The ghoulish atmosphere is made worse by touches of respectability; among the gang of reporters, who are as tough and disagreeable as we should expect, there is an avuncular representative of a " high-class newspaper," who sips tea while the others are getting drunk, and extracts his stories by kindness. *Murder Gang* contains all the horrors of real life which are kept out of detective stories, and for anyone who wants to be shocked and hectically amused, it is much too good to miss. The acting of a large cast is excellent.

A Shavian Experiment

Mr. Bertram Henson, whose play *Little Tsar* was presented by the New Shop Window at the Lyric, Hammersmith for two performances this week, has learnt much from Bernard Shaw—for instance, that the wildest melodrama is the best possible kind of jam for mixing with the powder of dialectic. The Shavian woman reappears, in rather franker and more sensuous an incarnation; and this group of garrulous Bolsheviki in charge of a prison on the Siberian border can talk quite astonishingly well. Rather too well, as it happens. For Mr. Henson is not a master of colloquial prose and his polysyllables place a great strain on the elocution of the players. Still it was pleasant to find real ideas at work behind the footlights for once, and the scales appeared to be held with remarkable fairness in the debates which crop up *passim*. When Mr. Henson knows more about natural dialogue and the value of dramatic surprise (in which *Little Tsar* is totally lacking) he should write excellent plays. Miss Marie Ney's calm serenity with its hinted passion was admirable; so was the character work of Lawrence Hanray, the cynical smartness of Roland Culver, and the eager rebellion of Lewis Shaw. Francis Sullivan's portrait of a deposed Bolshevik leader was forceful and picturesque, but he relied a little too much on roaring where subtlety was called for.

An Ambitious Effort

The Left Theatre's production at the Phoenix Theatre of an adaptation of Gorki's *Mother* (it is to be repeated there this Sunday) says much for the enthusiasm of the organisers but little for their judgment. As a play the piece is elaborately shapeless, technically a major problem for a first-class producer working with a first-class company and all the equipment of a modern theatre at his disposal. In less happy circumstances it is a dull, fragmentary hotch-potch, and when Miss Barbara Nixon, the producer, announced at the end that the company had been given only a fortnight's rehearsal, one could only wonder helplessly why it had been done at all. The Left Theatre badly needs more support, and for its intentions, deserves it. But until its resources expand, it would do well to restrict its efforts to plays within its compass. Something of Gorki's genius, it must however be conceded, did emerge in Josephine Middleton's very sensitive performance as the Mother. Under the influence of her conversion to her son's belief, she emerges from suffering obscurity to a truly tragic dignity, quiet, simple and beautiful. Miss Middleton's performance is genuinely moving in peculiarly difficult circumstances.

"The Tunnel," at the Tivoli

B. Kellermann wrote a novel, the usually dependable Kurt Siodmak made a screen story of it, which L. du Garde Peach turned into a scenario, and Clemence Dane added a few words to that. The result is dialogue so distressingly foolish that the characters are always at sixes and sevens (except in one scene, where they grunt). " Mother's grand, she'll understand," one of them predicts—as it happens, correctly; but on the whole their bewilderment lies too deep for words and has to be said with sobs. Richard Dix, for instance, is an engineering genius so obtuse that he cannot even express himself by television but must fly back from New York, " years late," into the most misleading cut I ever saw, only to find that his wife, Madge Evans, has left him. She had always, and rightly, been neglected for his beastly tunnel, and when she was blinded in it she brought up their son among roses, to be sacrificed on this submarine altar to a world peace which will at once ensue if the tunnel manages to get bored before the audience. We have only George Arliss's word for it, in his speech as Prime Minister: hands stretching under the sea will frustrate the knavish tricks of the Eastern Union of Nations jeopardising Western (English-speaking) supremacy. Dix and his chum, Leslie Banks, have sulked for another year, but they get on with the job almost single-handed, while capitalist hanky-panky up above—the work, of course, of the armaments man, a dirty foreigner—threatens to mar all. A murder occurs, providentially averting that other sacrifice which is even worse—and then they tunnel into a volcano! The suspense here is effective. You naturally can't go far wrong with machine-fantasy, the excitement gets over; yet many films (*Metropolis*, *The Clairvoyant*) have done it better. The trouble with this picture is not, of course, its pacifism, though that's as hollow as the tunnel itself, but just that it's nearly all tantrums and not enough tunnel. Scenarists, like cooks, mustn't be overcrowded.

"Lost Love," at the Curzon

The plot of *Lost Love*, an anaemic Austrian film, is the one about singing with meteoric success for one's supper. Michiko Meinl, with the Vienna Philharmonic to help her, humbly emulates Miss Grace Moore's dizzy ascents to fame, but not her top notes. Albert Bassermann, as the elderly composer who falls in love with his protégée, handles a ticklish theme without reticence, and reminds us that a similar role was better played in *Episode* (which, by the way, was well " cast " rather than " cut "). In contrast to an inferior montage, a nasty fan wipe (not " wife," as in *Escapade*) and the sort of shot that only emphasises knick-knacks, there is an admirable musical score to such scenes as a crowd gathering round an accident and the vain search for Michiko in an empty opera-house. The supporting programme is exceptionally good: Len Lye's *Kaleidoscope* (a trifle neater than his *Colour Box*); *Wake Up and Feed*, a jolly zoological piece with sound accompaniment instead of commentary; and *The Face of Britain*, by Paul Rotha, a more generalised and less strictly documentary film than *Coal Face*. Though scrupulously poetic in every shot, this is as clever and coherent a picture as idealism and intelligence could make it. Even its dissolves of natural scenery are legitimately beautiful, and the dynamo hum of Highland brooks babbling of electrical power, the pickaxes faintly audible beneath a map of the coalfields of Britain, are fine metaphysical conceits and pure cinema.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, November 22nd—
- Mrs. E. M. Hubback on " The Provision for Children under Five," Fabian Common Rooms, 11, Dartmouth Street, 5.30.
- Heifetz, Queen's Hall, 8.30.
- " A Royal Exchange," His Majesty's Theatre.

SATURDAY, November 23rd—
- Rugby Football. Scotland *v.* New Zealand, Edinburgh.
- Effie Richardson Violoncello Quartet, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3
- Tauber, Novotna and Lisa Minghetti, Queen's Hall, 8.30.

SUNDAY, November 24th—
- Mrs. M. A. Hamilton on " Modern Writers I Like," Conway Hall, 11.
- Film Society, New Gallery, 2.30.
- Leigh Ashton on " Chinese Art," Guildhouse, Eccleston Square, 3.30.
- Reginald Paul Piano Quartet, Working Men's College, Crowndale Road, 6.30.
- " Mother," Phœnix Theatre.
- " Not for Children," Fortune Theatre.
- " The Farm of Three Echoes," Wyndham's Theatre.

MONDAY, November 25th—
- " Son Autre Amour," Everyman Cinema Theatre, Hampstead.
- Dr. J. J. von Schmid on " The Significance of Sociology for the Understanding of Our Time," Le Play House, 35, Gordon Square, 8.15.

TUESDAY, November 26th—
- Gerald Heard on " The Significance of this New Pacifist Movement," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
- Harcourt Williams on " The Theatre," Morley College, 7.

WEDNESDAY, November 27th—
- W. B. Curry on " Education for World Citizenship," Conway Hall, 8.

THURSDAY, November 28th—
- Bertrand Russell on " The Prospects of Great Britain: Plan or No Plan," Friends Hall, Euston Road, 8.30.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

A BOOK which appeals to boys and girls with manly ambitions and to men and women with boyish tastes, that is to the majority of English people, the vast public which loves to read of doughty deeds and to be given material for its day-dreams—a book with this universal appeal is usually *muck*. There is a peculiar pleasure in finding one which isn't.

* * *

A few weeks ago I had the pleasure of recommending Mr. Masefield's *Box of Delights* (Heinemann, 7*s*. 6*d*.) as a fascinating mystery story which will delight the grown-up reading aloud as well as the children to whom it is being read. Since then I have listened to my recommendation being put into practice. *The Box of Delights* has proved a great success, and it is much the best book for Christmas for children aged between eight and twelve. And now Mr. Masefield has published *Victorious Troy* (Heinemann, 7*s*. 6*d*.). It is, of course, for older readers, the boys and girls and men and women of whom I have been speaking. Like Conrad's *Typhoon*, it is the story of a ship that is deliberately run across the course of a cyclone by the unimaginative bad seamanship of her master. But while the *Nan-Shan* was a steamship, the *Hurrying Angel* was one of the last full-rigged, three-masted sailing ships under the British flag. Moreover there is an even greater difference in the authors' approach to their subjects than in the ships themselves. Conrad is primarily interested in the states of mind of his characters; to him the value of the cyclone is that it is a supremely powerful force; if it fails to move Captain Macwhirr's imagination nothing ever can and, if I remember rightly, the practical day-to-day Scottish captain is proved to be made of wood. The hurricane which dismasts the *Hurrying Angel* has been brewed for a simpler reason: for Mr. Masefield, as for the three witches, fair is foul and foul is fair and his imagination rises with the tempest.

> Dick saw what seemed the side of a downland heaving itself up and up and up, directly astern, dark against the black of the storm, yet danced on by fire and topped with teeth. At the same time he knew that some of it had already numbed the ship, that she was not ready for it, that her way had been checked by it and her stern in some way plucked down by it. All hands knew even before they saw the thing that this was the wave that would put them under. . . . He felt the ship become a stone under his feet and begin to sink like a stone. There was to be no ship now, only an enormous, raging, grey-black, red-black, glimmering, corpse-lit, awful water, bigger than the downland, that hissed and cackled and slid in little horrid laughs, and spat itself forward at the top and moved like a mountain crumpled forward by an earthquake.

In the stress of the great storm, while the seas sweep the decks, and the winds bring the great masts crashing down, no man can hear his neighbour speak, or can think himself, and the crew become puppets while the sea, the wind, and the ship herself become personifications of contending gods. The human beings are elementary, the elements complicated, mysterious, inexplicable. At the height of the storm Mr. Masefield is therefore a pure realist—(he is particularly good in describing extreme exhaustion)—but his characters are less satisfactory before the cyclone breaks and after it is over.

* * *

Victorious Troy is an account of how a drunken captain runs his ship into a cyclone while carrying too much sail. The mates are killed and the captain's leg is broken when the vessel is dismasted and a young apprentice instinctively assumes command and does everything necessary to save the ship, in which he is finally successful. Heroes of this sort, who emerge suddenly from nowhere, saying in their hearts

> *Now God be thanked Who has matched us with His hour,*
> *And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping*

—heroes of this sort are like hat-stands. One doffs one's diamond-frosted cloak of daydreams, hangs it up on Dick Pomfret, claps one's hat on top and surveys the perfect hero that one has always known oneself to be. Having flattered oneself by identifying oneself with the hero, one naturally does not make difficulties about believing in his existence, but there is no such incentive to believe in the incompetent captain. (Here, by the way, is the reason why, in spite of the lessons of experience, it is so much more difficult to believe in villains than in heroes.) Mr. Masefield's achievement, however, is not merely in providing a chameleon-skinned hero able to match the narcissus reflection of all his readers, nor is it his magnificent descriptions of the sea; it is his power of explaining very clearly how a ship is built and rigged, what happens when the masts are blown out of her, and how they have to be dealt with. The reader can consequently understand exactly what has to be done and can visualise the emergencies he will have to tackle. While intensely romantic, in a wordy way, *Victorious Troy* is full of the concrete detail that distinguishes *Robinson Crusoe*. As the storm subsides, so does our interest. It would have been better, I believe, if Mr. Masefield had had the courage to send his ship to the bottom with all hands. But I must admit that I have never known this done, successfully.

* * *

War Paint, by F. V. Morley (Faber, 7*s*. 6*d*.), is much more a book for boys, though a great many men will enjoy it all the better for having the excuse of slipping back into their fifteenth year. It is not so convincing as Mr. Morley's first book, *East-South-East*, which is the best story on the *Treasure Island* model that I know. The first half of *War Paint* could, however, hardly be better. Once the young American ship's captain and his friend have reached the expanse of Godstone Green in the fat little English merchant's gig and have rescued Lord Lavenham from the midst of his enemies—to lead them on a wild goose chase over the clayey fields round about Crowhurst—the reader will become invulnerable to questions and to criticism. The book loses solidity when we leave these sticky clayfields. But of its kind it is pretty good.

* * *

After stories of imagination it is interesting to turn to *Lis Sails the Atlantic*, by Lis Andersen (Routledge, 6*s*.), the account of the adventures of a Danish family which set off in a ketch from Copenhagen, sailed all round the Atlantic to Buenos Aires and New York and then home again. Their adventures are chronicled by the daughter of twelve. The publishers say that "every page carries the proof that no adult hand guided the author's pen," there are certainly signs of the child's character on every page. It is a very matter of fact account. When they catch a shark:

> We hit it on the head until it was dead and then we cut it open to see if it had eaten any sailors recently.

The curious, rather conscientious, flat story brisks up when they arrive at Tristan da Cunha, which the child obviously found intensely interesting, and makes equally interesting to us. When they left they took one of the islanders, who had holes in his legs, with them to have medical treatment in Cape Town. Afterwards they fell in with whalers and one day their mother wanted to bathe because it was so fine, but she had hardly said so before they saw a large fish.

> It was lucky we had seen the big shark otherwise mother might have been eaten.

In fact, if you really do things like Lis Andersen, instead of dreaming about them, you take them for granted and your descriptions are flat, curiously methodical and disappointing to the day-dreamers in search of raw material. This perhaps is the explanation of that very odd fact that the younger generation are absolutely uninterested in hearing what life was like during the Great War. Shutting their ears to what their fathers might tell them about life in the Ypres salient, they dream of God knows what. Thus evil is perpetuated. However, it is perhaps not surprising that Mr. Masefield should make the sea more terrific than a child of twelve. Lis Andersen will turn pale when she reads *Victorious Troy*.

DAVID GARNETT

RANDALL CANTUAR

Randall Davidson, Archbishop of Canterbury. By G. K. A. BELL, Bishop of Chichester. *Oxford University Press.* 2 vols. 36*s.*

The length of this book is likely to alarm the ordinary reader, but in this well-arranged mass of information a writer with Lytton Strachey's gifts would find the material for a fascinating portrait. The indiscreet candour of Purcell's *Manning* is, of course, not to be expected from Dr. Bell, who was Chaplain to the Archbishop. But he has done his work very thoroughly, and the quotations he uses as chapter-headings betray an erudite wit to which he too rarely gives play in the text.

Those who do not appreciate the particular flavour of ecclesiastical biography will probably turn straight to the chapters dealing with the Parliament Act. Dr. Bell throws some doubt upon the assumption made in the *Life of Lord Oxford* that King Edward had given Mr. Asquith to understand that he would make Peers, if the Lords rejected the Bill after another election. And the Archbishop thought that undue pressure had been brought on King George to give his hypothetical consent before the election took place. At the same time he agreed that when the country had again spoken this consent must be given—though he wished the King to " take the country into his confidence " about his difficulties. The distinction is a nice one; and one does not see how Mr. Asquith could possibly have appealed once more to the electors without the certainty that this time their decision should be effective. Indeed, pressure can hardly be called undue when it was so entirely in the true interest of the Crown. If the King had not consented, his position might not be what it is to-day. The Archbishop voted for the Bill, and it is most probable that his example was decisive. This was not the least of his services to his country.

A surprising statement is that Balfour and Hardinge had both approved highly of the Lansdowne letter before it appeared. (It is difficult to reconcile this with a letter from Balfour printed in Lord Newton's *Life of Lord Lansdowne.*) When the storm of fury broke out against Lord Lansdowne, the Archbishop wrote in his diary: " How Balfour and Hardinge can now rest quiet, under the accusations brought against Lansdowne, amazes me." He approved of the letter himself, but he was similarly careful not to publish the fact. And this brings us to what makes the *Life* a book of such absorbing interest, the particular character and talents which it reveals.

Randall Davidson was born in the Lowlands in 1848, and baptised by a Presbyterian Minister. He was educated at Harrow and Oxford, and after three years in a curacy became Chaplain to Tait, the Archbishop of Canterbury. He at once made himself unobtrusively invaluable, and the following year he married a daughter of the Archbishop. But this was no ordinary virtuous apprentice; when his father-in-law died, he wrote to the Queen a letter from which it appeared that the Archbishop's last hours had been largely occupied with thoughts of Her Majesty. She was " deeply touched " by his " beautiful account "—it was indeed worthy of Talleyrand—and she summoned him to her presence. " Was seldom more struck," she recorded in her diary, " than I have been by his personality." And within a month he was given a cypher with which to communicate his views to the Queen's Private Secretary. A very wise young man.

Six months later the Dean of Windsor most considerately died, and Mr. Davidson with " his great knowledge of *Society* and of the Clergy generally and his great charm of manner " (the italics are the Queen's) was appointed by her to this key position near her person. Here he continued to conduct himself with exemplary skill. He never dwindled into a mere courtier. (The sirens dangerous to him, as Scott Holland pointed out, resided not in Windsor Castle, but in the Athenaeum.) He had the courage to incur the Queen's displeasure by dissuading her from publishing a third volume of *Leaves from a Journal of a Life in the Highlands*—a wise courage, for which the Queen respected him. But when there was talk by Lord Salisbury of his being appointed to the See of Durham, the Dean did not show quite enough alacrity in turning down the suggestion. And " the Queen wonders ", she wrote to Sir Henry Ponsonby, " if the Dean is at all an ambitious man." He retrieved his mistake, which was due, one suspects, not to ambition, but to the strain entailed by his delicate position. He would, for instance, be commanded to refer in his sermon to the death of John Brown—" A very difficult task," he noted in his diary, " but it must be done." However he had become the *Eminence Grise* of the Church of England, and when Tait died, it was Dean Davidson who was most responsible for the appointment of Benson, and he continued as long as Benson lived to be the ecclesiastical power behind the throne. At last the Queen allowed him to desert Windsor for the Bishopric of Rochester, where he was unhappy and ill. Offered promotion to Winchester, he displayed the hesitation expected of ecclesiastics in such circumstances, but his health fortunately obliged him to accept the offer of a more salubrious See. " In these circumstances my right course has seemed no longer doubtful."

From the splendours of Farnham Castle he felt himself obliged to refuse a licence because of ritualistic excesses to Father Dolling, thus ending a career in the Portsmouth slums which was one of the wonders of the age. The Bishop's Oxford education had not given him any sympathy with Anglo-Catholicism; if he was not quite so Erastian as his father-in-law, he was almost as good a Lutheran as the Queen. And it is amusing to see in his *Life of Tait*, published in her lifetime, how tactfully he underestimates the foolishness of the Public Worship Regulation Act, which was the result, as Disraeli said, of her " personal will." It does not appear from Dr. Bell's book that Davidson ever interfered with the illegalities committed by extreme Low Churchmen, severe as he was on those of the Ritualists. And doctrinally he was more indulgent to those who believed too little than to those who believed too much.

In 1896 Archbishop Benson died, and Lord Salisbury wished to offer the succession to Davidson. But the Queen, too kind, rejected the proposal as dangerous to his health. Temple was appointed, and for six years Davidson had the painful experience of not being the chief adviser of the Primate. In January, 1903, however, unfailing wisdom had its reward: Canterbury was his.

Politically he was much more progressive than most of the Bishops' Bench. As early as 1893 he had been the only bishop whom Liberals like Scott Holland and Gore could find to support the workman's right to a living wage. He also voted in favour of the Licensing and Old Age Pensions Bills. During the war he was appropriately patriotic, but he repeatedly and courageously spoke against reprisals, when pious Evangelicals like Joynson-Hicks were shouting " An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." He opposed Casement's execution; he tried to prevent the persecution of conscientious objectors, though he regarded them as " misguided and unreasonable " in what he strangely called " the riding of their hobby." He disapproved of the khaki election of 1918 and of the terms of the Versailles Treaty, but on neither occasion did he feel obliged to make public his disapproval, nor apparently did he speak against the continuance of the Blockade. On the other hand his appeal for peace during the General Strike was courageous, Christian and statesmanlike; and Sir John Reith's refusal to broadcast it was, to put it mildly, a mistake, though the reasons he gave for it were very high-minded. The truth is, I fancy, that Davidson regarded himself as a democratic statesman rather than as a prelate invested with authority from on high; he thought it the business of the Primate rather to represent than to direct his flock. The logic was far from him which made Newman protest that it was better for the whole human race to perish in anguish than that one venial sin should be committed. His way of thinking, in fact, was that of a good layman.

In ecclesiastical matters his statesmanship was most remarkable. Again and again he steered the Church of England through situations which threatened her disruption. He never rashly committed himself to a principle. Thus he greatly disapproved of the remarriage of innocent parties to a divorce and refused himself to marry them, but he would not refuse them Communion. Whether such marriages were or were not sinful remained obscure. Similarly, Nonconformists must not be corporately invited to Communion, but if they chose to come, they must be welcomed. It was all quite illogical and very skilful. When Bishop Barnes made the theologically ignorant, not to say vulgar and puerile, remark that the idea of the Real Presence could be disproved by experiment, the Archbishop administered in public a most gentlemanly rebuke. But he could never understand why many good Christians should continue to be preoccupied with niceties of sacramental doctrine when the world was in such a disturbed state. Unfortunately for his policy, the war proved the practical effectiveness and attractiveness of Anglo-Catholic beliefs. Benediction, Confession, Requiem Masses were practices which worked and were wanted—all of them things which the majority of non-churchgoers, and the Archbishop, intensely disliked. And so the Revised Prayer Book was drawn up to define the limits of Anglican comprehensiveness. The intended and most important effect of

MACMILLAN

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MACMILLAN

this would have been to outlaw the Anglo-Catholics, and no one else would have been seriously inconvenienced. But by a curious irony it was rejected in an outburst of Protestant bigotry by the House of Commons. The Archbishop for the first time had entirely failed in his diplomacy. In the following month he resigned the Primacy.

When Mr. Ramsay MacDonald became Prime Minister for the first time, the Archbishop wrote to him in terms of most touching sympathy about the *Life* of Mrs. MacDonald which he had just been reading. The hand which had written to the Queen about Archbishop Tait forty-two years previously had not lost its cunning. But it must not be supposed for a moment that he was insincere. It was just that he knew how to get the best, in every sense of the word, out of the people with whom he had to deal. He was a very wise old man, as he had been a very wise young man—indeed "the very wisest man in all England," according to Bishop Gore, who differed from him profoundly, but was "overwhelmed by the sense of his personal goodness, his exceedingly genuine humility and the total absence of spite or uncharitableness or injustice in his character." The Archbishop remarked of himself: "I should say that I was a funny old fellow of quite mediocre second-rate gifts and a certain amount of common sense, but that I had tried to do my best." Here his humility was excessive. If he had remained a layman, he would have been Prime Minister, another Baldwin if not another Asquith. If he had been an Italian, he would have been Pope. He was very cautious, he always took thought for the morrow, he did not consider the lilies of the field. He was too great a politician to be a great saint. One is fascinated by the canny and uncanny skill with which he managed his own life and that of his Church: but if he obeyed his Lord's injunction to be as wise as a serpent, he also succeeded in retaining a charitable heart. If he had shown more courage he would have been a better man, but a worse Archbishop. The loss was his. RAYMOND MORTIMER

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Yes.	Better than nothing.
No.	No better than nothing.
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No, no, no!	Terrible.

THE BOOKS

Hollywood Cemetery. By LIAM O'FLAHERTY. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Yes. Fierce satire on Hollywood commercialism, Irish cupidity and the plight of the intelligentsia from a D. H. Lawrence standpoint. Overdone and increasingly improbable, but vigorous and amusing. Most readable of these books.

Sheldon's Way. By WYNYARD BROWNE. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Yes. Story of Christian clergyman's ordeal in spiteful, gossipy East Anglian village as seen by disreputable, drunken, middle-aged poet who has moved in on him. Fresh, intelligently written, makes best of slender, mildly interesting theme.

Good Morning, Good Morning. By IAN RANKINE. *Macmillan.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

No. Ruritanian diplomatic extravaganza. Author laudably attempts to recapture gaiety of *Flower Beneath the Foot*, at first seems about to succeed, but, like all satirists of diplomacy, soon becomes hopelessly involved with the intrigue, and rather long-winded.

London Lady. By G. H. SAXON MILLS. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

No. Story of girl from Essex village becoming night-club queen. Would be tale of brisk, absorbing interest in American, in English is slow, flat, undramatic.

To-morrow is Also a Day. By ROMILLY CAVAN. *Dent.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

No. High life, in Lord Weyne's château, of gifted group of young people in their 'teens, described in the most tortuous and complicated fashion possible, with straining for effect, private jokes and secrets. Inexcusable to inflict such a book on readers, but beneath the turgid affectation lies the hint of a real, rather scornful talent at present buried under bad Amanda Ros.

The House in Half Moon Street. By HECTOR BOLITHO. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

No. Genteel spook stuff with old-time flavour. Dull.

Summer Time Ends. By JOHN HARGRAVE. *Constable.* 10*s.*

No, no.

> One day I happened to read through what was written of the first three or four chapters to see how "the run of the story" was developing; and I found that "*when the book was opened the words began to sing.*" . . . "If," I said to myself, "it all began to sing together—that's what is wanted!"

Sociological novel with high purpose, "to awaken people's minds to the tragic absurdity of poverty in the midst of plenty"—insane extension of Dos Passos and *Ulysses* technique, to 877 page saga of industrial England during slump. I found this literally unreadable—perhaps because I can't sing.

Well, there are seven books for this week, and I have read them as thoroughly as a tea-taster swallows the bark or a claret-connoisseur finishes a bad bottle. I have also just finished *Butterfield* 8, the new novel of O'Hara, who wrote *Appointment in Samarra*. It is by no means without faults, but it seems to bring out the defects of English novels by contrast. There are three, colossal, almost irremediable.

Thinness of material. English life is on the whole without adventure or variety, 90 per cent. of English authors come from the mandarin class, the experiences from which both sexes can draw are limited to three or four, a peaceful childhood, a public school education, a university, a few years in London or the provinces in which to get a job, a wife, a house and some children. Material for one book, perhaps, which publishers and the need to earn one's living will drag out to three or four. A rigorous class system blankets down all attempts to enlarge these barriers. The English mandarin simply can't get at pugilists, gangsters, speakeasies, negroes, and even if he should he would find them absolutely without the force and colour of the American equivalent.

Poverty of style. There are only about two ways to write a novel in English, by using the moderately intelligent, rather academic language of the mandarin class, a style which depends for its force on the combination of adjective and noun or two adjectives and noun:

> With his practised and professional eye, Mr. Cardan thought he could detect in his host's expression certain hardly perceptible symptoms of incipient tipsiness.

That style is the typical instrument of English fiction, and it badly needs tuning. The other seeks to avoid the Oxford, consciously intellectual, attitude by extreme simplicity. E. M. Forster, David Garnett, Dorothy Edwards write in this way, but in other hands it easily becomes whimsical and mousy. English novels seem absolutely chained to these two forms, there is no *lingua franca* to correspond to the "tough" colloquial American style, which is not so much the slang of crooks and bootleggers, but the vigorous workaday speech of the reporters, journalists and advertising men who turn out so many of the best American novels. We, however, have no novels in spoken English—that of Eliot's *Sweeny Agonistes*.

Lack of power This is hard to define, but I mean lack both of intellectual power, of any mastery of the situation, any real maturity (such as is found in all great novelists, although as different as Tolstoi or Henry James) and of narrative power, of punch, concision, dramatic sense. This is the most hopeless thing of all about the English novelist—one hardly ever finds a trace of it in the younger writers, although it almost knocks one over in, for instance, the longer stories of Maugham. I think one reason for its absence is that the English novelist never establishes a respect-worthy relationship with his reader. The American novelists, Hemingway, Hamnett, Faulkner, Fitzgerald, O'Hara, for instance, write instinctively for men of their own age, men who enjoy the same things; "look, go slow, don't miss this," they seem to say, "this will interest you—maybe you've been to this actual place or had the same thing happen to you"—it is an intimacy, which at its worst degenerates into a horrible dogginess, like *Razzle*, but in general brings out everything that is natural, easy, and unrepressed in the author as can only friendly communion with a contemporary. English novels seem always to be written for superiors or inferiors, older or younger people, or for the opposite sex. Of the books I have reviewed this year only *Mr. Norris Changes Trains*, by Christopher Isherwood, and George Orwell's *Burmese Days* have got that decent and inspiring intimation of equality. I suppose the climate is to blame, there seems something in it that gelds and

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arranges all English writers, substituting timidity and caution for freedom and curiosity, hence all the flatness, dullness and feebleness of the novel—hence also, above all, the stagnation. For English fiction is stagnant, a wide bog interspersed with sparse tufts and pools of tepid water. Occasionally the reviewer espies a light and plunges after it. It leads him on for a while, even seems to burn brighter, then flickers away in an odour of marsh gas and goes out.

And every bad book he reviews is a nail in the reviewer's coffin. As with the queen bee and the worker, it is the quality of his nourishment that determines whether he is to be a critic or a hack. He may have every conceivable talent, but if he has only bad books to write about, he is doomed. He can sidestep, improvise, but he must go under. There are three kinds of reviewers; the cynical, who know they are beaten, who turn out consistently adequate copy, and are completely reliable, having sacrificed the critical sense for a certain knack of amiable appraisal or polite disappointment; those who are still fighting, who are on the whole unsatisfactory, since they turn and twist, go off the deep end or become unpunctual with their copy, from psychological reasons; and those who are not aware of any problem, who go cheerily on for thirty or forty years and are bitterly hurt to find that they have long been the innocent dupes of publishers and the laughing stock of the public. The difficulties of the reviewer are increased because there are only four or five weekly posts that carry any dignity, whose occupiers need write on only one book or on none with the knowledge that their articles can be included in their collected works, that they inherit the mantle of Arnold, Pater, Hazlitt or Sainte-Beuve. The remaining consolations of the novel reviewer are that if he reads two books a day and writes for at least three papers he can make four hundred a year, that, anyhow, he appears regularly, and since everyone sooner or later writes a novel he will always be treated with consideration.

I have just received Old Boor's Almanack for 1936. Who sends one these things? "Books for the next five years will have a 'national' flavour. You can't mistake it. Like a prize marrow at a harvest festival, they will be long, prosperous, vapid and seedy. Great years for bannings and backslidings, the ivy of indifference will creep higher up the trunk of talent, increasing neglect of E. M. Forster because his excellence is inconvenient, of Norman Douglas, Max Beerbohm and those who live abroad non-politically." Appeal to expatriates: "Come home. There's no happiness outside the telephone book. We are approaching what the mystics term 'the Sunday luncheon of the soul.'"

"The words, style, art, writes well, writes badly, will be omitted from criticism as tending to confuse the sociological issue. '*La chemise, c'est l'homme,*' as Flaubert said. Literature in the districts. Bayswater for Biographies, Mayfair for Magazines, Chelsea for Detective Stories, Bloomsbury for foreign books and dead authors, Hampstead Felix (where authors and publishers live), no time for reading. Hampstead infelix: Freud, Hopkins and Haverstock Elliot. 'And there's always the Wyndham on the Heath, brother!' From the suburbs comes a demand for Strong, Steen, Stern and Cronin, and the *Evening Standard* book of the year will be, for the first time, a critical work, *Can Spring be Far Behind?* Great years for honours and titles, nor will literature go unforgotten. Lord Hollypole will head the 'literary peers' and there will be whispers of Dame Sheila and Sir Beverley, Count Pointercount, and the cynical Baron Casuarina. O it's fun to be national again, take Old Boor's word for it!"

CYRIL CONNOLLY

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7/6

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THE GREAT DIVIDE

The Dreyfus Case. By ARMAND CHARPENTIER. Translated by J. LEWIS MAY. *Bles.* 10s. 6d.

The interest of the Dreyfus case is inexhaustible, whether as drama, history, or social phenomenon. Even bad books which deal with it are usually readable. M. Charpentier's is extremely good, though one might hesitate to join the "experts" who, according to the publishers, are of opinion that "it is the best book that has been written on the famous *Affaire*." It is a detailed, straight-forward, chronological account of those events which began with the letter about "ce canaille de D—" finding its way into the hands of the counter-espionage department of the French General Staff, probably in 1892, and which ended on July 22nd, 1906, in the quadrangle of the Ecole Militaire, when General Gillain pinned the cross of the Legion of Honour on Major Dreyfus's cloak and the spectators shouted: "Vive Dreyfus! Vive Picquart! Vive la République." M. Charpentier has a thorough knowledge of the intricacies of the case: he is meticulously fair and, though a Dreyfusard, gives even Esterhazy the benefit of any possible doubt; he tells the fascinating but horrible story with admirable restraint. The worst fault in the book is the absence of an index, which makes it difficult to read intelligently, particularly for anyone who has not already an intimate knowledge of the *personae dramatis*. The number of persons who gradually became involved in the *Affaire* was colossal, and the difficulty of keeping them sorted out in one's mind may be illustrated by a little story told to me by a distinguished writer who was present at Dreyfus's trial. He had been sitting all day in Court next to an English journalist taking down a shorthand report for one of the English papers. All through the day continual reference had been made to "la chose jugée." Late in the afternoon Labori rose to address the court. He said that they had heard a great deal about "la chose jugée" and paused; then, pointing to the crucifix above the judges' seats, he exclaimed dramatically: "Voilà la chose jugée." When the court rose, the writer and journalist went to a café, and the journalist began working on his shorthand notes. Suddenly he burst out: "I thought I knew every person concerned in this damned case, but who the devil is this Chose Jugée?" In the hundreds of names which whirl through M. Charpentier's pages, usually without any indication of the position of their owners, the reader often becomes as confused as the unfortunate reporter, and as there is no index to help him out he can only echo the despairing cry: "Who the devil is this Chose Jugée?"

Rereading the history of the *Affaire* in M. Charpentier's pages, one realises that in the last few years history has helped us to a deeper understanding of its historical significance. If it happened to-day in Germany, Italy, Austria, Poland, or Russia, it would seem to be of little or no importance to ninety-nine out of every hundred persons in the civilised world. Thousands of people have recently suffered or are suffering the fate of Dreyfus in those countries with the approval or acquiescence of the majority of their inhabitants, and even in democractic countries people have already come to accept the judicial murder of innocent persons in countries governed by dictatorships as part of the ordinary routine of "strong" governments We can now see that the *Affaire* was an important

part of that great divide between modern civilisation and modern barbarism. The idea of judicial morality binding upon rulers, governments, and States was of very slow growth in Europe, but during the latter half of the nineteenth century it seemed, under the influence of rationalism, liberalism, and democracy, to be establishing itself more firmly than ever before. In the Dreyfus case for the first time it was challenged openly by a political machine worked by persons who hated all the implications in a democratic civilisation. It is significant that up to the first trial of Dreyfus, most of the officers of the General Staff had quite honestly attempted to discover the author of the bordereau, and probably a majority of them and of his first judges honestly believed that he was guilty. It was only after it became clear that he had been wrongly found guilty that the machinery of judicial murder was set in motion. Its object was to preserve the honour of the French Army. Its motive power was patriotism, nationalism, anti-semitism, and militarism. For these " reasons of State " the highest army officers were prepared to practise or condone forgery, murder, blackmail, false witness, and every imaginable form of political and social corruption. For ten years the incredible struggle went on between barbarism and civilisation, thuggery and justice, patriotism and truth. Every time that one makes a detailed study of the case and observes the maze of false evidence manufactured by the General Staff and the intricate mountain of forgeries and forgeries of forgeries which in the course of years was sedulously heaped up over the real record of events, when too one remembers that all this time Generals at the head of the French army and Ministers of State were fabricating or conniving at this false evidence in order to prevent the acquittal of the man they knew to be innocent and the condemnation of the man whom they knew to be guilty, it seems a miracle that Picquart, Mathieu Dreyfus, Zola, Targe and the other Dreyfusards were ever able to dig the truth out from under this monstrous accumulation. Somehow or other they succeeded; truth and justice had prevailed and some barbarous foulness had been cleaned out of France and Europe. So people thought, but they were wrong. The forces of barbarism recoiled only to be able to take a longer leap. They are now in control of three-quarters of Europe. The Hitlers, Goerings, and Mussolinis have adopted the system of Esterhazy, Henry, du Paty de Clam, and Mercier, and have made it the principle of their government. They have destroyed that foundation of civilised life which was at stake in the Dreyfus case, the principle that those in power shall not punish a man whom they know to be innocent or whom they do not know to be guilty, and they have substituted for it the doctrine that a gang in control of an army or a state may legitimately do anything in the name of patriotism and is bound by no code of law, no rule of truth or justice. The prisons and graves of Germany, Italy, Russia, Poland, and Austria are therefore full of Dreyfuses, so full that it is only sometimes that we hear their real names and learn the fate of a Matteoti, a Dimitroff, or a Thaelmann.

LEONARD WOOLF

SOOTHING THE SAVAGE BREAST

Down Among the Dead Men. By BERNARD VAN DIEREN. *Oxford University Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Frederick Delius. By CLARE DELIUS. *Nicholson and Watson.* 15*s.*

The Music Lover's Miscellany. Edited by ERIC BLOM. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Amateurs of the provocative and the fractious will find much to please them in the first and third of these volumes, even though Miss Delius be too gentle a spirit to do more than murmur a faint " boo " to the detractors of her brother's music. How different from her that delightful lunatic, Baroness Hügel, unearthed from Grillparzer's diary by the ingenious Mr. Blom! This lady, " who, a good pianist and even a learned connoisseur of music, as in her sane days, plays Rossini's lovely melodies with great pleasure, until she comes upon a fault in composition. She then stops, leaps from her seat, holds the sheet of music several times close to her eyes, begins to gnash her teeth, with which she tears it up. Again and again, however, she likes to take up Rossini's compositions, until a new lapse on his part makes her repeat the scene." This, allowing of course for the fact that Mr. van Dieren is anything but a lunatic, is also the method pursued on many pages of *Down Among the Dead Men*. One gets the impression that the author is as angry as the Old Person of Bangor, and as long as he keeps his wrath within bounds the result is stimulating and original. The popular and academic miscon-

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Nineteen-Sixteen

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A. E.

By WILLIAM M. CLYDE. 3/6 *net* (*Moray Press.*)

A study of the late George Russell, poet, essayist, and painter, with a foreword by Seumas O'Sullivan. "Every page of it is valuable."—*British Weekly.*

Leaders, Dreamers, & Rebels

By RENÉ FÜLÖP-MILLER. *Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. With 97 Illustrations.* 18/- *net.*

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HARRAP

182 High Holborn, London, W.C.1

ceptions of Busoni, for instance, can never be too strongly castigated; it was high time somebody said a good word for Meyerbeer; and far too many "old" composers are considered dead simply because their works are never performed. Mr. van Dieren is not only a composer of original talent, but a scholar whose study, in particular, of fifteenth and sixteenth century polyphony has yielded an enthusiasm for a harmony based upon this, rather than for those which are based on the various scale-systems evolved during the nineteenth century. The kinship with Busoni, Schönberg and Delius is here as plain as it is in Mr. van Dieren's music, but it is the first of these names which dominates the book. The reminiscence of Busoni is indeed the best thing in it. Mr. van Dieren points out that the great pianist was a composer who rebelled *late* in life against the musical tradition of his day—a fact which is essential to an understanding of his music. The idiom which he eventually evolved is, as Mr. van Dieren acutely observes, a kind of musical Esperanto; it is quite wrong to regard his music as plagiaristic merely because so many heterogeneous elements can be distinguished in it; for the means by which Busoni arrived at his idiom was not through superficial borrowing from other composers, but from long and profound study of the harmonic sources of music—the various "essences" purged of the dross with which other musicians had overlaid them. It is no more to be hoped that Busoni's music will ever become widely popular (he would not have approved of that himself) than that readers in any quantity will ever be found for the works of Walter Savage Landor. But an occasional performance of his greatest works is essential to the health of the art, and we may perhaps hope that his last opera, *Doktor Faust*, will soon be given here. In other parts of his book, Mr. van Dieren writes less fortunately. His shrill polemics are spoilt by an incomplete command of the English language: he is frequently long-winded, says "creditably" when he means "credibly" (p. 102), uses horrible words like "monumentality" and "apotheotically," and generally ruins his effects by overstrained facetiae. It is not amusing to call Débussy "Auntie Claude," and it is absurd to suggest that Tchaikovsky, Scriabin, Wagner and Strauss, if their music were "presented in simple terms of everyday speech"—whatever that may mean—would render themselves liable to prosecution for indecency. Such an argument may be all very well in conversation, but it is not serious criticism. Again, though championship of Meyerbeer is called for, it is as well to point out that Lortzing and Marschner, who are practically unknown in England, both did as well, if not better, in the same field; and that, if these composers deserve resurrection, so does Cherubini, whom I suspect to be by no means the "dry stick" Mr. van Dieren would have us believe him.

Miss Delius's book will be indispensable to future biographers of the composer, if only because it contains so many of those intimate, personal memories on which all biographers rely for the vitality of their books. It is unfortunate that Miss Delius does not seem to have been able to distinguish between those details which are significant and those which are not; but it is better to have too many rather than too few. The picture of Delius stopping suddenly in the course of a walk in the country to listen to some hardly distinguishable sound is one that remains in the mind and goes far to explain the rapturous, idyllic character which, in combination with German romantic elements, constitutes the originality and English loveliness of his best work. The account of the composer's family, and especially of his father, Julius Delius, is intensely interesting.

It is probably unnecessary for the critic to spread himself on the subject of the third book on the above list. As already suggested, it is a collection—astoundingly wide in range of interest and subject—of remarks made on all aspects of the art. One is left with the impression that Mr. Blom is a disciple of Flaubert in his desire to compile a *Sottisier* or dictionary of human follies; for, although the book contains many pages of admirable wisdom, the extracts seem more often chosen for the foolish light in which they now make their authors appear. The juxtaposition of texts is arranged with much quiet malice and frequently makes one laugh aloud. A wholly delightful book, and one to keep.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

NOTHING MUCH ABOUT ALDOUS

Aldous Huxley. By ALEXANDER HENDERSON. *Chatto and Windus.* 7s. 6d.

If the writer of this book should complain that the title of this article is flippant and inexact, or even unjust, I have no answer that I could expect to satisfy him. It might have been more respectful to author and subject to call it "About Mr. A. Huxley And About." That would not mislead anyone as to my feeling, but it might be suspected of sarcastic undercurrent, far from my intention. In point of fact, all Mr. Henderson's book is about Mr. Huxley's books and most of it readable: it is perhaps the thing to interest lazily intelligent readers to whom its title is but the name of a member of the Huxley family.

Also it is to be commended as an anthology of quotations sufficient, even detached from their context, to place Mr. Huxley's scriptures in the canon of English literature. For example:

> And the great Pongileoni gluelly kissed his flute. He blew across the mouth hole and a cylindrical air column vibrated; Bach's meditations filled the Roman quadrangle. In the opening largo John Sebastian had, with the help of Pongileoni's snout and the air column, made a statement: There are grand things in the world, noble things; there are men born kingly; there are real conquerors, intrinsic lords of the earth.

Such a statement so moves me that I am tempted to amplify it, in pedestrian style, with reference to myself, thus: Some Dago-Nordic flautist, possibly expelled from Europe and since dead of phthisis, tootled awhile before a phonograph in New York or Philadelphia; a sleepy Teuton at Frankfort or Stuttgart twirls the resulting record on a gramophone to eke out his Nacht-Konzert, and I, fiddling with wireless knobs on my way to bed, weary of my own futility, am exalted by the air-borne message that the world knows and loves and bows to the will of John Sebastian to-day as it never did when he played with his own hands to princes two hundred years ago; until the words "Heil Hitler" followed by another record trundling out "Deutschland Über Alles" in a fashion to make Haydn turn in his grave bring me down again well nigh as low.

Yes, Mr. Henderson's book contains much brilliant matter extracted from Mr. Huxley and throws in some sprightly commentary; yet I am clear that it tells me nothing much about Aldous that I want to know. And there is the deuce of a lot that I hoped he would have been able to tell me. I have no objection

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(far from it) to reading again the admirable passages he cites, and I do not object (even when I find that I cannot agree with him) to Mr. Henderson telling me what he makes of these passages. But what I want to learn from him is how they came to be written, and here he is no more helpful than *Who's Who*. He fails even to tell us for which three years of his life Aldous Huxley was nearly blind.

Max Beerbohm's cartoon of Mrs. Humphry Ward reproaching Matthew Arnold for his levity, though drawn without knowledge of the infant Aldous' existence, throws more light on the makings of his temperament than Mr. Henderson's "Biographical" chapter. For, although he does not forget that Matthew Arnold was the child's grand-uncle, he fails to mention the more important fact that the gifted author of *Robert Elsmere* was his mother's sister. And this although Mr. Huxley's first hero, Richard Greenow, "had swallowed down *Robert Elsmere* in the three-volume edition at the age of eight," and the same Dick wandering as a freshman round Oxford was "haunted at every step by the Scholar Gipsy, damn him!" Can one doubt that his only begetter is rather more of Arnold-Penrose-Sorell stream than Huxley-Withers-Heathorn?

In his monograph on Matthew Arnold, Mr. Herbert Paul has told us that Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, "abhorred 'mere cleverness,' and humour appeared to him a rather profane indiscretion." I'm afraid this may be true, yet he appears to me across the century a splendid figure of a man. Ninety-nine years ago (to be exact, on the twenty-fifth day of November, 1836) he wrote from Rugby to William Whately, Archbishop of Dublin: "I crave a strong mind for my children, for this reason, that they then have a chance at least of appreciating truth keenly; and when a man does that, honesty becomes comparatively easy." I will not go into the point, little suspected by the readers of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, that Dr. Arnold (to say nothing of Dr. Whately) was considered by the orthodox churchman of that day to be, in the future Dean Stanley's words, "a Sabbath breaker and an infidel"; though young Stanley himself admired him even more in the pulpit than in the classroom: "Whatever happens in the week to diminish my respect for him, it always comes again on the Sunday, when I hear him preaching."

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THE FILM IN THE SCHOOL Edited by J. A. Lauwerys 3/6

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Arnold of Rugby had eight children. Of these, three sons left names behind them. The eldest, born in 1822, became the Matthew Arnold of English literature and the butt of one of Bernard Shaw's most wanton jibes; for, whatever his errors of judgment, he remains one of the most agreeable persons of the Victorian epoch. The second son, born in 1823, was called after his father and, despite more than one false start, followed his profession as an educationist. The third, baptised William Delafield, born in 1828, died thirty-one years later at Gibraltar on his way home from India, where he had served in a native regiment, inspected educational establishments and begotten a babe whose phenomenal memory was to make him the terror of the Army Council: the late Mr. Hugh Oakley Arnold Forster, who, as Balfour's Secretary of State, dismissed Lord Roberts from the command of the Army with less ceremony than the Field Marshal would have discharged a drummer-boy. There were many to admire that particular grandson of Arnold of Rugby but very few to love; yet, dying in middle-age, he left a son who commands no less affection than respect.

But it is with Thomas Arnold, the second son, we are here concerned. When his father was stricken, on the eve of his forty-seventh birthday, by the heart disease that had killed his own father at fifty-three, he said *in articulo mortis*: "Thank God, Tom, for giving me this pain: I have suffered so little pain in my life, that I feel it is very good for me: now God has given it to me, and I do so thank Him for it." Tom was then about twenty and at Oxford. Presently he entered the Colonial Office, but soon wearied of it and went out to farm a small property of the family in New Zealand. That did not pay and he drifted thence to Tasmania, where as a distinguished Oxford scholar he became of importance in the educational world and married the Governor's grand-daughter, Julia Sorell. In his last days Dr. Arnold had been troubled by young Matthew's too liberal opinions, but that was trifling compared with his dread of the "superstition" revived in Oxford by Newman, who had succeeded to his own fellowship at Oriel. A dozen years after his father's death Tom returned to England to become Newman's disciple and professor of English literature at his Catholic university in Dublin; and his daughters Mary Augusta and Julia played on St. Stephen's Green. In 1872 Mary became Mrs. Humphry Ward and in 1885 Julia became Mrs. Leonard Huxley and celebrated Queen Victoria's Jubilee by giving birth to Julian. On the thirty-eighth birthday of Mr. Shaw, whose *Arms and the Man* was then running at the Avenue Theatre, Aldous Huxley came into the world. It was the year of the publication of the Yellow Book: the height of the Beardsley period. Four years later Aubrey died in the bosom of the Catholic Church. Three years after that Thomas Arnold ended an entirely different career in precisely the same manner. I think the most profound observation in Mr. Henderson's always lively and provocative book lies in his implied suggestion that, whatever may be the attitude of Canterbury towards Aldous Huxley, the gates of Rome are rocking on their hinges to welcome Tom Arnold's grandson. I regret that Mr. Henderson misses the point that the great Thomas Huxley himself preferred Erasmus to Luther.

CONAL O'RIORDAN

TROLLOPE APOCRYPHA

Barchester Pilgrimage. By RONALD A. KNOX. *Sheed and Ward.* 7s. 6d.

Can it be true, as Mr. Maurice Baring told Father Ronald Knox, that "practically nobody has heard of Barchester"? Or do the many recent reprints and criticisms of his novels show an increase in the number of Trollope's devotees? To be a reader of Trollope is to be an enthusiast—there is no such thing as a nodding acquaintance with him. Anyone who has enjoyed one or two of his novels is almost certainly seduced into a passionate intimacy with the ramifications of his whole complicated world, and will be ready to discuss the troubles of Plantagenet Palliser or the vagaries of Lady Glencora with the same partisan frenzy as is aroused by the Byron mystery or the love affairs of friends.

Those who find Trollope unreadable will certainly not open Father Knox's book, but his admirers may be attracted by two family trees at the beginning, in which are shown not only the exact relationship of Francis Arabin, the Dean, to Griselda Grantley (afterwards, of course, Lady Dumbello and still later Marchioness of Hartletop), but those between their imaginary descendants as well. *Barchester Pilgrimage—by* Father Knox *out of* Trollope—exhibits just the characteristics one would expect

from such a cross-breed. It is a series of episodes concerning these apocryphal characters written in a style which is a very competent pastiche of Trollope's. There is a flawless accuracy about dates, places and persons; the topical background changes with the passage of time, and no detail is overlooked—even the popular song of the moment is correct to a year. While the proposal of marriage made by Johnny Bold junior in chapter one is almost pre-Trollope in its formality, it is disconcerting, though obviously correct, to find Lord Dumbello (grandson of Griselda and her silent husband) getting engaged to a young lady who "adored the Sitwells," after upsetting a glass of gin over her dress at a party very different indeed from Miss Dunstable's famous *conversazione*. He afterwards writes to his mother describing his fiancée (she was a Lufton): "I never realised till quite lately how definitely marvellous she is. There's simply nothing for you to do but to rally round and sling bouquets." Need one add that there is a P.S.: "I forgot to say she is R.C. but quite broad-minded." For Father Knox's invariable preoccupation casts a peculiarly foreign air over the familiar Barchester scene. Instead of Trollope's delightful worldliness—one of his greatest charms—there is a great deal about beliefs and ritual and ecclesiastical architecture, which has a way of breaking out with a curiously coy and waggish effect in such phrases as "sundry little bows and crossings," "the luxury of auricular confession" and "sundry pieces of embroidery which mysteriously changed their colour at different seasons." There is the familiar situation of the son of the house in disgrace—but what is he disgraced for? Not for getting into appalling debt or frequenting gin palaces, but for becoming an atheist—and surely Trollope would never have made the Archdeacon exclaim: "I will not have my pheasants shot by an unbeliever!" Perhaps Father Knox's book might have been more amusing if he had given himself even a freer rein, for one of the most striking incidents he has allowed himself to invent is that young Marmaduke Thorne (son of the Doctor and Miss Dunstable) *almost* decides "to embrace the Romish persuasion." As it is, after admiring his virtuosity, it is difficult to see any point in Father Knox's pastiche, for of Trollope's immense talent for inventing plot, character and situations there is no trace whatever.

FRANCES BIRD

THE PEOPLES OF INDIA

Census of India, 1931. VOL. I.—INDIA. PART III. Ethnographical. *H.M. Stationery Office, India.* 13*s*.

This volume contains an account of the racial affinities of the Peoples of India by Dr. B. S. Guha, Anthropologist to the Zoological Survey of India, and a collection of ethnographic notes, culled from Provincial Reports and edited by the Census Commissioner, Dr. J. H. Hutton, C.I.E. There is an excellent and modern series of photographs illustrating not only Dr. Guha's article, but also, in the ethnographic collection, the Central Provinces extracts, the important note by Capt. (now Major) Green on the Races of Burma and the very interesting article on the Primitive Tribes of Travancore.

Few will quarrel with Dr. Hutton's verdict that Dr. Guha's study of the somatic affinities of the Peoples of India is easily the most important contribution to the physical anthropology of India since that of Sir Herbert Risley in 1901. Dr. Guha is skilled in the use of modern, exact methods both of collecting and of interpreting his data. He warns us, however, that, though the help given by the statistical method is substantial, caution is necessary and corroborative evidence must be looked for. How great is the need for caution is well—indeed decisively—shown by his pungent criticism (p. liii) of theories concerning the Negrito pygmies of the Andaman Islands, where he insists that a knowledge of the racial history of the tribes compared is essential and the mere ability to use the calculating machine—however important—is not enough. The view that there are two types of Andamanese is stated to be based on measurements of people from the Andaman homes, near Port Blair, where all the inmates are not of pure blood, and is rejected by Dr. Guha, who holds that the Andamanese are racially homogeneous—with minor variations. Blood tests, it is well to note, were carried out at the Pasteur Institute, Rangoon, and showed two groups, O and B. Dr. Hutton (Part I, p. 451) describes O as characteristic of long isolated and marginal communities, while B seems to be linked with roundheadedness. The forceful and cogent arguments put out by Dr. Guha, on evidence of unimpeachable value, disclose three main elements in the Indian peoples—other than the tribalists. The predominant element in the greater part of the lower stratum of the population of Northern India is of short stature, with a long, high head, a long, prominent nose, in colour light to tawny-brown, with dark brown eyes, and black, straight hair. On the western coast and in Bengal is a taller, round-headed strain, with a long, often arched and convex, nose, white to brown in skin, with occasional light eyes and black, straight hair. Northern India has another long-headed strain, which, in its purest form in the N.W. Himalayas, has a rosy white skin and often grey-blue eyes and chestnut hair. The aboriginal population contains an element whose primitive form is represented among the aborigines of Australia. A dark pigmy strain is found in S. India (pp. l and lxiii) and extends beyond the frontier of Assam into Upper Burma. Two types of Mongoloid stock are discernible. Some of these racial strains can be traced to the chaleolithic Indus Valley civilisation—*circa* 3000 B.C.—as shown by Dr. Guha's careful summary of the archaeological and skeletal evidence. He passes vigorous criticism on those who, presuming on a limited acquaintance with the somatic characters of the Indian peoples, formulate ambitious and elaborate schemes of classification, of no real value, in comparison with the careful, modest, well-documented results of this wide survey. In Part I of the Census Report for India, Dr. Hutton has brought together, with brilliant skill and ingenuity, a mass of information regarding the linguistic (p. 357–69), religious, social and cultural history of early India (pp. 392–417 and pp. 433–462), so that in these two volumes we have matter of enduring value to science.

The decennial census is a great opportunity, and from every part of India fresh knowledge was gathered in 1931 concerning the life, beliefs, manners and customs of the peoples—high and low—of that great country. The samples set before us range from the Andamanese to the castemen of Kumaon, from the Himalayas to the jungles of Travancore. Burma yields much interesting information and Assam, always from the purely anthropological point of view (p. xliii) the most interesting part of India, is conspicuously rich in new facts, in correction of older accounts—and, above all, in an exhaustive and thorough examination of the problems of the future and of the results of cultural conflicts and contacts. Here, as in the valuable survey of these

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problems in the Central Provinces, and again in Travancore, is convincing evidence of the effects on the life of lower culture groups of the impact of westernised institutions and methods. "How many poor men," we read, "(including aboriginals) are acquitted of murder? On the contrary, how difficult it is to convict a rich man of murder" (p. 72). It is hard to resist the plea that the aboriginals of India ought to be protected against the destruction of their characteristic institutions. It is not too late.

T. C. HODSON

AUTUMN VERSE—II

Vigils. By SIEGFRIED SASSOON. *Heinemann.* 4s. 6d.

The Winter House. By NORMAN CAMERON. *Dent.* 2s. 6d.

The White Blackbird. By ANDREW YOUNG. *Cape.* 5s.

Poems, 1935. By F. L. LUCAS. *Cambridge University Press.* 6s.

Under the Eyelid. By BRYAN GUINNESS. *Heinemann.* 3s. 6d.

Mr. Lucas has blown a trumpet. His *Poems*, 1935 ("this book is a rebellion") begins with a twelve-page essay denouncing modern poetry. No names, of course, are mentioned, and the whole thing is very much *sub specie aeternitatis*, with Homer and a historian A.D. 2000 as witnesses; but we are made to feel that someone—Mr. A***n, perhaps—is getting badly knocked about. Poetry since Hardy, it seems, has suddenly become novel, crabbed, perverse, dishonest, ugly and obsessed with the present. Mr. Lucas is on the side of tradition, of eternity. What was good enough for our fathers should be good enough for us. All is fixed—or would be under the Chinese dispensation of Mr. Lucas. His main points are these:

Eternity, all poets should write for—yet more bad poetry is due to this desire than to any other cause; and, unless you are a master, writing for eternity means nearly always writing for the past.

Tradition. What tradition? "Poetry cannot even be known to be good, until it has long ceased to be modern"—i.e., distrust all living writers, and particularly those who differ from their predecessors. Flaubert and Baudelaire are cited, with Hardy and Housman, as examples of writers who accepted the situation of literature as they found it.

By tradition, in fact, Mr. Lucas means the Victorian tradition; he succeeds in carrying this back to Homer with hardly a break, and would like to project it as far into the future. If it weren't for Mr. A***n! Beneath the bland surface of Mr. Lucas's dissatisfaction one begins to detect a shriller personal note. Poetry, of course, must be judged as poetry, good or bad; but towards the end of this essay there is a revulsion, a plea for the poetry, however poor, which is in a good cause—his own in fact. At its best it is smooth and witty, as full of allusions as Lemprière; attempts at the contemporary touch are more disturbing:

> "I never drew you on." "It was in you.
> Some you not you. So I—I sought retreat—
> Some I not I rebelled within me too
> And dragged me, self-divided, to defeat."

The past cooked up again.

Mr. Sassoon defends tradition in another way. "Elected Silence" is the title of a poem in his new volume, and the phrase, taken from Hopkins, speaks for the whole book and for the role adopted by Mr. Sassoon as a poet. After six—or is it seven?—years, this brief collection of lyrics. As the fruit of withdrawal they are faintly disappointing.

> Poet plant your tree
> On the upward way;
> Aromatic bay
> Plant, that men may see
> Beauty greenly growing
> There in storm or shine,
> And in boughs divine
> Freedom bravely blowing.

It is so nearly admirable, but the simplicity of the beginning, it seems to me, goes flat after the fourth line; and one finishes it like a drink in which all the cream has been on the top. That is perhaps the impression left by the whole volume: its distinction tends to shade into the commonplace. The resigned mood, for example, on which each of these poems is a variation impresses us as being permanent rather than conclusive. Nevertheless, *Vigils* is a book in which clear thinking and craftsmanship make their effect.

Mr. Andrew Young is a Nature poet with an unusually sensitive and exact gift of observation. He devotes himself to what the eye has seen—a landscape in the Fens, a ploughed field, a ring of mushrooms—and draws a small picture with as few images and words as possible. The beginning of "The Stockdoves" is characteristic:

> They rose up in a twinkling cloud
> And wheeled about and bowed,
> To settle on the trees
> Perching like small clay images.
>
> Then with a noise of sudden rain
> They started off again
> And over Ballard Down
> They circled like a flying town.

Many of the poems in *The White Blackbird*, and in his previous book, *Winter Harvest*, are delightful. His is an art without implications.

Mr. Norman Cameron is a writer new to me, though some of his work, I see, has appeared in *New Verse* and elsewhere. I advise everyone who is interested in contemporary poetry to buy and read his book, *Winter House*. The earlier poems, written when he was at Oxford, are as mature and finished as the later ones; he seems to have found his form at once, and every piece here is packed and individual. Probably he is as good a critic as he is poet, for he has assimilated a difficult seventeenth-century influence with astonishing ease. Here and there, perhaps, the origin is still too plain:

> What have you now to answer, summer's slave,
> To autumn's cold call of emancipation,
> What, beside goose-flesh?

—but most of the poems are strongly individual. I do not know of any other poet who has written about love with exactly his mixture of insight and sardonic glee:

> Formerly he had been a well-loved god,
> Each visit from him a sweet episode,
> Not like the outrageous Pentecostal rush
> Or wilful Jahweh shrieking from a bush.

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He bloomed in our bodies to the finger-tips
And rose like barley-sugar round the lips,
Then unawares was cleanly gone away,
With no relapse or aftertaint to pay.

We've forced the burgeoned lust he gave to us
Into a thousand manners of misuse,
Into the hot alarms, wishes and frets,
The drinking bouts, the boasting and the bets.

And these have made his cult degenerate,
So that the booted Puritan magistrate
Did right to spur down on the devotees,
Catch them and whip them naked among the trees.

Mr. Cameron is a poet to watch. I enjoyed, too, Mr. Bryan Guinness's *Under the Eyelid*. Occasionally, without being lyrical, he can write a very good lyric; and in his pictures of English country, a Paris quay in winter, a figure waving from a passing car, there is a light and vivid charm. G. W. STONIER

SHORTER NOTICES

Roll on Next War. By JOHN GIBBONS. *Muller.* 5s.

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"Prior and Gardner" is to the student of English medieval sculpture what "Liddell and Scott" is to the schoolboy. Mr. Gardner, paying a graceful tribute to the memory of the mentor of his young days, sponsors an admirable abbreviated edition, handy in size, copiously illustrated and brought up to date in the light of recent opinion, more especially by the inclusion of his latest studies on the important question of alabaster tombs. It has always been the custom of scholars on the Continent to decry English medieval sculpture, in particular the Romanesque, in the same way that stained glass in England at that date is hardly admitted, and while one school tends to put down the carving to itinerant French monks another, sitting happily on the fence, plays with a nebulous "Channel" school. But there is really no question about it. Our native school of sculpture was just as healthy and vigorous as that anywhere else, and figures like the York madonna or the Dorchester King can hold their own with any of your French kickshaws. It is a pleasure to have so valuable a book in such a convenient edition.

Rachel the Immortal. By BERNARD FALK. *Hutchinson.* 18s.

Of this biography of the famous French tragedienne it must be said that if it had been half as long it would probably have been twice as good. It is rather the material for a book; still it is never dull, and its redundancies are often in themselves lively enough. For Mr. Falk has constituted himself the champion of his heroine and goes out of his way to re-fight the battles of long ago. There can be few people to-day who actually saw Rachel act, but there must still be thousands living who have heard of her at first hand, and her admirers were never niggards of their praise. Her amours and her quarrels cannot tell against her now, though it is understandable that Helena Faucit and Jenny Lind disapproved of her in her day. But only her rivals on the stage ever disparaged her art, and the only really cruel thing said of her as an actress was said in all honesty by Dickens, who thought she was like Celeste! Well, here is the woman drawn frankly as she was, with her two children by different fathers, her family and her lovers; her gaiety, her impudence, and her perfect art.

Prisoner's Progress. By COLONEL S. G. PARTRIDGE, C.M.G., C.B.E. *Hutchinson.* 18s.

In this survey of crime and punishment from the beginning of the nineteenth century the author has not been content to deal merely with the criminal code and its application; he has sketched in a background. In the chapter on the countryside he explains the effects of such legislation as the Settlement Laws, the Acts of Enclosure, and the Game Laws. In the same chapter he examines the living conditions of agricultural labourers at the beginning of the century, as shown in representative household budgets. A good deal of space in the chapter on towns and the Metropolis has been devoted to juvenile crime. Here the background of conditions leading to crime includes terms of apprenticeship of boys; various contemporary institutions such as fairs and "gaffs," cock and hen clubs, brothels—and the factory life of children. A harrowingly detailed account is given of the Australian penal settlements—the vilest chapter in British history. Other chapters describe conditions inside various prisons, and the old Thames hulks. In the final section, dealing with reform, the consistent opposition of the Established Church to the mitigation of the ferocity of sentences, and to the abolition of capital punishment, is saddening.

Secrets of Tibet. By DR. GIUSEPPE TUCCI and CAPTAIN E. GHERSI. *Blackie.* 15s.

Notwithstanding its title, which suggests popular book-making of the very worst kind, *Secrets of Tibet* proves to be the straight-forward day-to-day chronicle of a serious archaeological expedition, headed by two adventurous Italian scholars and sponsored and partly financed by the Italian Government. No "secrets"—at least, in the journalistic sense of the word—were unveiled during their travels through Western Tibet; but much interesting information was collected and a number of books, carvings, ritual objects and copies of inscriptions were brought home for the enlightenment of students who specialise in the somewhat esoteric subject of Lamaist Buddhism. But it is not only the student who will enjoy this book. The authors write in a vivid yet unpretentious style. They are sympathetically inclined both towards the Tibetans themselves (whom all travellers agree in finding a jovial good-humoured race) and towards the various manifestations of Tibetan mysticism; though they admit that Lamaist religion has entered a decadent phase. The book includes a quantity of admirable photographs; but the map at the end of the volume is not very helpful.

An Introductory History of England and Europe. By MRS. H. A. L. FISHER. *Gollancz.* 8s. 6d.

Nobody will quarrel with Mrs. Fisher's thesis that the histories of England and of Europe are intertwined. But this is not to say that the best way of writing the history of the one is by inserting in it fairly long but inevitably sketchy chapters on the history of the other. It is like interposing a scene from *Love's Labour's Lost* into a performance of *A Winter's Tale* in order to show the development of Shakespeare's genius, thus spoiling the dramatic unity of the play without giving any adequate account of the development. This book is neither clear enough for the general reader, nor concise enough to be useful as a text-book in schools; nor has its style any of the charm of Professor Trevelyan's

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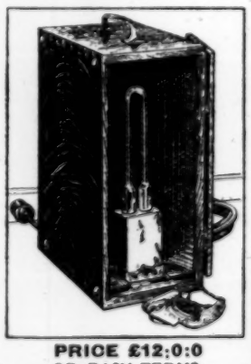

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History of England. Some of the writing, indeed, is childish, as in a passage about King Arthur, and some of it merely ridiculous, as in the description of a series of executions as "most unpleasant." It is a book which only the trained historian will readily understand and follow; and the trained historian will not need it. The book has one outstanding merit: its vivid portrayal of social conditions at the different periods of our history. If only Mrs. Fisher would publish this part of her material in a separate form it would be an invaluable thumbnail sketch of our social history.

Exmoor: The Riding Playground of England. By CECIL ALDIN. *Witherby.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

This was the last book that Cecil Aldin wrote, and in it may be found that love of the English scene and the English folk, and that knowledge of horse and hound, that gave all he wrote its truth and all he drew its spirited vitality. In this study of Exmoor, which of all England was the spot he loved most, he describes its charms as those which appeal to the pedestrian and the horseman, for on Exmoor it is the motor car and not the horse that seems the anachronism. Though it has nothing of the manner of a guide book, visitors to Exmoor will find it every bit as useful as it is entertaining, for it is written by a horseman who knew how the country must be ridden and was able to impart his knowledge both in the text and in the drawings that illustrate it.

Week-end Competitions

No. 297

Set by Hamish Miles

In the year 1995 a brisk young novelist, not always too accurate in matters of detail, is embarking on a long family-saga novel, the first chapters of which are set in the far-off nineteen-thirties, *either* in a Sussex manor-house, *or* in a ribbon-developed building estate of the time. He is anxious to strike a rich, unmistakable "period" note on page 1 of Chapter I, and does his best. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a passage of not more than 300 words from his opening page, dealing with one or the other. It need not be supposed that the English language has meanwhile become unrecognisable, in spelling or syntax.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, November 29th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 295

Set by Sylvia Lynd

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the Ballade of an Anthology-Maker which shall have for its refrain the words: "I need not put in T. E. Brown." The words "God wot" should also appear in the Ballade.

Report by Sylvia Lynd

This competition has caused angry passions to rise. The competitors have assumed that in setting it I have betrayed a lack of affection for T. E. Brown's best-known poems, an assumption in which, I must admit, they are perfectly right. The effect of the competition has been, however, to reveal how very popular the poem is, a popularity which can be accounted for by the fact that the picture which readers make from it, of a summer evening in a garden, obliterates its other characteristics. Many competitors have philosophised about the fickleness of fortune and have prophesied a Come Back for T. E. Brown. So far as I am concerned he will not come back, because he has never been there. The stuff usually described as Modern Poetry has been held up to contempt by a large number of these competitors in contrast with Brown; but I must point out to them that apart from his poker-work first line, the sacerdotal mysteriousness of the poem is entirely in the modern mode.

The Anthology Maker himself has, for some odd reason, appeared to most of the competitors as engaged in a horrid task.

> "To search the treasure house of time
> Is my unenviable lot."

writes one, and another asks:

> "Oh, why did only Shelley drown?"

A jest which might bring upon him the reproof which one competitor has given me for setting the competition:

> "This is not wit but sin."

My prize-winners, however, are aware that reading poetry is a not unpleasant occupation. I have divided the first prize between J. R. B. and Little Billee, who has detected an element of loyalty-to-the-old school among Brown enthusiasts, and awarded the second prize to A. W., whose ballade (from which we print an extract) confirms this suspicion and will, at the same time, comfort all sore hearts.

FIRST PRIZE (1)

BALLADE OF AN ANTHOLOGY-MAKER

(Not without acknowledgments to George Rylands, *N.S. & N.*, p. 696.)

To vie with Palgrave or with Q,
  Would seem to make the pace too hot,
And Meleager's Garland grew
  Within a less entangled plot:
  But still I mean to have a shot;
And, not to let my standard down,
I can avoid one common blot—
I need not put in T. E. Brown.

I recognise the modern view
  Treats Tennyson as Tommy-rot:
The arbiter who pleases you
  To-day is T. S. Eliot.
  Though winners may be hard to spot,
Though readers yawn and critics frown,
  I mean to show them what is what:
I need not put in T. E. Brown.

The choice, I flatter me, is new.
  The blossoms all the rest have got
I have endeavoured to eschew:
  I do not "plant the bergamot";
  No "riding down to Camelot";
No Lenten come with love to town;
  No Heraclitus; and God wot
I need not put in T. E. Brown.

ENVOI:

Prince, Führer, Duce, Hottentot,
  Primate or pedant, churl or clown,
Believe me or believe me not,
  I need not put in T. E. Brown. J. R. B.

FIRST PRIZE (2).

Back to the poets once again,
The Blessed Bays to re-allot!
In picking out the lyric strain
I count myself a pretty shot.
Some Ancient Birds must be forgot;
On Byron I shall firmly frown;
I need not take *all* Wordsworth's lot;
I need not put in T. E. Brown.

Must we have Blenheim fought again?
The Maisie-bit from Walter Scott?
That silly lily-maid Elaine,
The bloodless Lady of Shalott?
Perchance the spells of Camelot
We have not yet lived wholly down,
But there's one "lovesome thing, God wot!"
I need not put in T. E. Brown.

And with the outcasts I would fain
Couple all graceless modern rot,
Nor innocent white pages stain
With Ezra or with Eliot.
Yet if some skimmings from this pot
The times demand, pray set this down—
Though I must take this porridge hot,
I need not put in T. E. Brown!

ENVOI

"Q," I forgive your minor blot;
You sat beneath his cap and gown,
You're a Cliftonian, I am not;
I need not put in T. E. Brown! LITTLE BILLEE

SECOND PRIZE (Extract)

He watched the schooner leaning white,
  Etheriel, over seas of glass;
He knew a thousand ways the light
  Breaks on clear water, wind-blown grass.
  The look of him—but let that pass,
  The kindling smile, the cap and gown;
  The keen, sea-faring eye—Alas,
  I need not put in T. E. Brown! A. W.

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CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 152.—THE HOGGENHEIMER LEGACY

Sir Habbakuk Hooper : Our case, m' lud, is that the will must be pronounced invalid, on the ground that its terms are not intelligible. An immense fortune is at stake. This fortune, according to the provisions of the will, is divided into two portions. The first portion amounts to very nearly one quarter of the whole. This is to be sub-divided into units of £100,000 each. One or more of these units go to each of a number of beneficiaries, no two of whom are to receive the same amount. These beneficiaries are to be chosen by lot from among the trustees of the Hoggenheimer Trust. The first name drawn will give the destination of the largest legacy, the second name that of the next largest legacy, and so on. But we are not told how many of these legatees there are. All we know is that their number must be such that it equals the number of different ways in which this first portion of the legacy could be divided among them. The division actually to be adopted is to be chosen by the beneficiaries themselves.

Crayfish, J. : But how is that possible, if we are not told how many beneficiaries there are ?

Sir Habbakuk Hooper : Ask me another, m' lud (*laughter*).

And now I come to the second portion of the legacy. This consists of a round sum of ten million pounds. It is to be divided among a second batch of beneficiaries—the number of whom is, once again, not stated—according to the following scheme. Each beneficiary is to receive either one pound, or a number of pounds equal to the number of beneficiaries under the first portion of the bequest, or a number of pounds equal to some power of that number. Thus, if I may have recourse to algebra——

Crayfish, J. : Don't try me too far, Sir Habbakuk (*laughter*).

Sir Habbakuk Hooper : Your lordship need have no apprehensions (*laughter*). What I was about to say is, if the number of beneficiaries under the first portion of the will is n, then each beneficiary under the second portion must receive £1, or £n, or £n^2, or £n^3, and so on.

Crayfish, J. : Yet we do not know what number n represents ?

Sir Hobbakuk Hooper : Quite so, m' lud. Finally, there is this provision : that not more than $n-1$ beneficiaries—under this second portion of the will—may inherit the same amount. . . . I submit that the entire testament is void, since—apart altogether from our not knowing the size of the various legacies—we have no idea of the number of beneficiaries. It seems to me, indeed, a problem less well suited to the courts than to Caliban.

Crayfish, J. : Who is Caliban ? (*laughter*).

* * *

Ignoring the judge's last question, *how many beneficiaries in all are there?*

PROBLEM 150.—THE MAD HATTERS

I have put myself in somewhat of a quandary here, by asking too simple a question, viz., *How many were there at the dinner party?* The answer is, *seven*. I have decided to give marks to all who have sent this answer, regardless of the fact that many who have done so have not deduced correctly the number of Jones' car. The number of different ways in which n people can all take the wrong hat is not n ! (as quite a dozen solvers seem to think), but is expressed by a complicated general formula which is, I fear, beyond the typographical resources of this column. But, obviously, one has to deduct from n ! the number of ways in which one or more diners can go away in the right hat. To show how this works out :

No. at dinner party.	No. of ways in which all can take wrong hat.
2	1
3	2
4	9
5	44
6	265
7	1,854
8	14,833

We need go no farther, as we know we are looking for a four-figure number and only 1,854 meets the bill. This is the number of Jones' car

PROBLEM 149.—THE REMARKABLE MARKS

A set of Low's cartoons goes to : A. J. Fisher, The Ryleys School, Alderley Edge, Cheshire.

Eight points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

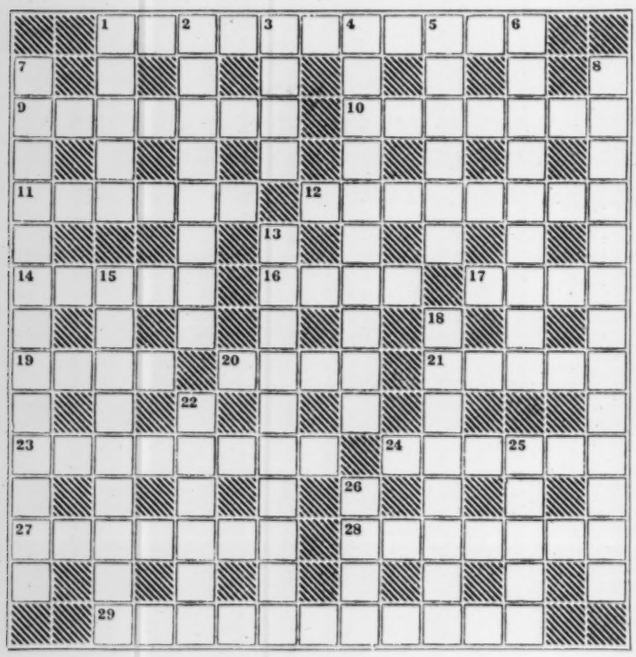
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope ; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 298

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
T. Charbonnier, Fieldhead, The Park, Mansfield, Notts.

ACROSS.

1. Mechanically describes the Rugger player just about to score a try.
9. Often subject to a bit of a squeeze.
10. Tennis match played according to fine weather rules.
11. Naturally a cold state just now.
12. Section of commerce designed in the motor trade.
14. Poisonous mathematician.
16. Classical town in the suburbs.
17. Gets licked in an enveloping action.
19. Give the fellow tea.
20. The circular part of the road is closed.
21. One can monkey with the French wall.
23. Evidently not left in.
24. This beginning is made by Rome.
27. Nervous constitution.
28. Send me back in the crate.
29. Useful no doubt for grooming the fire dogs.

DOWN.

1. Bruin sits on a copper.
2. They do not set the Thames on fire in the Port of London.
3. Fish for a drink.
4. Rewsna.
5. Tin cat bent but not broken.
6. Entirely tricky thing to get.
7. People would go this way in turns.
8. Angry intentions produce confusion in conversation.
13. Inflicted no doubt in the hope of a good turn over.
15. Fingerprints would show that this order had been disobeyed.
18. Torch that almost gives a light to a fop.
22. Two crotchets on A.
25. Presumably one can always get to this part of the river.
26. This bard carries a weapon.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

S	U	M	M	E	R	L	I	G	H	T	N	I	N	G
T	■	O	■	A	■	O	■	A	■	A	■	N	■	O
A	C	O	U	S	T	I	C	S	■	R	A	D	I	O
M	■	N	■	T	■	N	■	P	■	I	■	I	■	D
P	I	S	C	E	S	■	R	I	F	F	R	A	F	F
C	■	H	■	N	■	■	■	P	■	F	■	■	■	O
O	V	I	E	D	O	■	M	E	A	S	U	R	E	R
L	■	N	■	■	■	C	■	S	■	■	■	E	■	N
L	E	E	S	H	O	R	E	■	T	A	T	T	O	O
E	■	■	■	O	■	E	■	■	■	N	■	E	■	T
C	E	R	E	B	R	A	L	■	S	T	E	N	C	H
T	■	E	■	N	■	T	■	S	■	E	■	T	■	I
O	M	E	G	A	■	I	N	T	E	N	T	I	O	N
R	■	V	■	I	■	O	■	O	■	N	■	V	■	G
■	S	E	L	L	I	N	G	P	L	A	T	E	S	■

Company Meeting

RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS

ART AND UTILITY

The thirty-fourth annual general meeting of Raphael Tuck and Sons, Ltd., was held on Tuesday at Raphael House, London, E.C.

Mr. Gustave Tuck (chairman and managing director) said that after sixty-nine years the reputation of the company stood higher than ever and they had never deviated from their original aim—to produce publications of the highest quality and to combine art with utility. He thought it would be agreed that it was a wise and far-sighted policy to affix the name of Tuck only to productions of the highest quality. Tuck's Christmas and New Year cards still reigned supreme in the markets of the world. It was many years since they had first produced Christmas cards for the general public, and throughout the long history of the firm they had succeeded in maintaining their reputation for originality and artistic excellence.

In the book department foremost among their publications during the year was The King's Book. The ever-changing tastes of the juvenile reading world kept them alive to their responsibility as producers of books for young people.

The eagerly looked for and beautiful calendars would be assured of a more than hearty welcome this year. They were to be found everywhere. Tuck's picture postcards continued to maintain their reputation. With regard to the paperware department, they had excellent designs in lace paper, which had been made more attractive than ever.

The pictorial advertising department continued to cater with success for the discriminating advertiser. It was a tribute to the originality of their ideas, the attractive nature of their designs and the excellence of their reproduction that so many of the great manufacturing firms of this country availed themselves of the company's services in assisting them to sell their products with the showcards, illustrated brochures and pictorial advertising of every description they were able to offer them.

They would continue to pursue their aims to maintain the traditions of the company for the highest type of service and to give the public the best they could produce. They were not afraid of the future but would go ahead in a spirit of determination, believing that the dawn of a brighter and more prosperous era was on its way.

The report was unanimously adopted.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

THE ELECTION AND MARKETS—CONDITIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD—RECOVERY IN AMERICA

THE quietest General Election within recent memory has passed over and the Government has romped home with a comfortable majority. Even the Stock Exchange, notoriously optimistic of Conservative voting strength, has been agreeably surprised. The election this time had less than its usual depressing effect on markets, and last week when the results became known prices generally advanced. During the last day or two markets have been firm, but not spectacular, and brokers generally report good business. With this spot of bother out of the way investors can look to home industrial news for their solace, to America for their inspiration, and can turn as blind an eye to conditions abroad as their temperaments and their newspapers allow. The result of the election must be considered as good for investors generally, although Conservative administration may prove less satisfactory in the more remote future. However, who worries about the remote future when it is the position now or next spring which matters? The advocates of Proportional Representation calculate that if a "sensible" electoral system were in force the Government majority would be less than 50 instead of nearly 250. But even the most ardent of Radicals would be disposed to admit that a Conservative Government is better than the no government consequent on the skirmishing and shuffling of several rival political groups. The investor is frankly bored with politics and is thankful that elections do not come oftener.

* * *

Home news generally is better than for some time past. Steel is good, although the Austin-Morris brigade are showing fight against protected high prices and inefficient management. Exports are showing up well, and the railway traffics of recent weeks have revived seasonal attempts to estimate what increases of dividend may be expected this year. The Government's plans for road and rail development and rearmament are all bull points for industry although there is some doubt as to how much it is intended to spend on the roads and railways. Increased expenditure on armaments, financed neither by an armaments loan nor by new taxation, will not embarrass the munition manufacturers. Both these latter schemes may well prove to be damp squibs born of political necessity.

What is the other side of the picture? In a prominent position figures the great spectre coal. The miners are resolute and very angry, and public opinion is with them. The tactics and complacency of the coalowners have long been detested by the public. The Government does not seem to know what to do, and if it does is afraid to do it or fears its own backbenchers. There appears a tendency to expect better dividends a year before the effect of improving conditions can be translated into cash. While company news is on the whole satisfactory, several recent announcements have been mildly disappointing. Yarrow and Co., the shipbuilders and boiler-makers, showed decreased profits. Shell Transport has again paid no interim dividend. S. Smith and Sons (Motor Accessories) confidently recommended in this column a few weeks ago has disclosed improved results, but no increased dividend. With the greatly increased activity in the motor and aircraft industries, something better might have been expected. No doubt the accessory business is becoming more competitive, and it is obvious that aircraft instrument making is not the established business of electric clocks and motor-car accessories. At this stage in the credit cycle it is still right in ordinary share investment to pick specialities, but it is not reasonable to expect that general industrial improvement will cover up the consequences of picking a loser.

* * *

On conditions abroad it is better to draw a veil. The Japanese War Office has made a silly attack on Great Britain for wanting to help China, and has bitten off in Northern China more than Japan can conveniently chew. Italy has promulgated more rubbish about sanctions and has superseded her General who was too cautious. Germany, less in the news than heretofore, is facing a hard winter, and a Nazi crash is being freely prophesied. France and the gold bloc approach what may be their last struggle in defence of their currencies and their eventual release. Of the long-deferred general improvement in foreign trade there seems less immediate prospect than ever. Little wonder that British investors are taking their profits to America, where recovery seems now to be assured, and in the hope that Wall Street may blaze one day. The important point is that it may blaze too soon for industrial recovery to catch up.

* * *

Toreador cables: "To obtain a clear view of the American situation it is essential to stay in London. In New York an Englishman obtains as many views as interviews. Bulls undoubtedly predominate, and no bargains are visible on the stock exchange. Equity prices are now discounting 1936 earnings on the basis of a further expected trade recovery.

As nothing is politically certain in America, this indicates the possibility of a considerable reaction in Wall Street to bad political news. Momentarily the outlook is all roses. Stock markets are spellbound by the breathing space which business had been promised, the President banking on recovery for re-election and the administration even aiming at reduction of the Budget expenditures, convinced doubtless that with every million saved private enterprise would spend ten millions by virtue of the restored confidence. But one snag is that the Public Utility industry means to fight. Its leaders have a deep distrust of the President and are convinced that if they comply with the Holding Company Act by registering with Securities Exchange Commission, this will eventually mean the transfer of the management of industry to two Federal Bureaus in Washington.

Landis, Chairman of the Commission, has spoken honeyed words, declaring that companies can register without waiving constitutional rights. But the Committee of Utility Executives recalls the speech by Landis; "Out of registration springs mechanism of control." Utilities, heartened by the decision of Judge Coleman in the Federal District Court, treat the Act as "grossly arbitrary and invalid in its entirety," but legal authorities believe Coleman went too far and that the decision can be modified on appeal. There are some back-sliders among the Utilities, but the majority of the Holding Companies will refuse to register by December 1st and will seek an injunction in the courts restraining the Commission from applying the act on the grounds of unconstitutionality. There are dangers in this situation. Roosevelt feels strongly about the Utilities, and the public are not prepared to allow Holding Companies to go free. If the executives force a fight, Roosevelt may perhaps be driven to alter the Recovery election plans and the breathing spell of industry will be broken. Business would then remember the taxes to cover the Social Security Scheme of 1936. This would be a pity, seeing that trade recovery is now emerging from the consumers' goods phase into capital goods. Money conditions are ideal for further improvement, but the Utility fight is introducing uncertainty and bad blood. I am hopeful, nevertheless, that if the courts suspend the Utility decision for six months, Roosevelt will fight on Recovery, and Recovery will not let him down."

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